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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE latest news from America is of unusual importance. General McClellan has been nominated by a large majority as the candidate of the Democratic party; and, as the influence of this party seems now to be constantly increasing, there is a fair chance that he may be elected to the presidential chair. Should General McClellan really be chosen in place of Mr. Lincoln, the war will not on that account suddenly come to an end; but, should Mr. Lincoln be re-elected, there is no reason to suppose that it will not be carried on for four years longer. Mr. Lincoln's plan is to go on fighting until he has subdued the South. Judging from past events, and from the spirit by which the South, now more than ever, is animated, we believe that result to be impossible. But, could it be achieved, how, even then, would Mr. Lincoln hold the South? Would he keep it down as Russia keeps down Poland, and as Austria keeps down Hungary and Venetia? To do so, he would not only have to depart from all the principles on which the existence of the United States of America was originally based—this, however, he may already be said to have done; he would also have to impose a ruinous tax on the loyal part of the population, in order to defray the expense of maintaining an immense army of occupation in the "rebel" country. To keep peace on these terms would be almost as disastrous as to maintain permanently a state of war.

On the other hand, should General McClellan be elected to

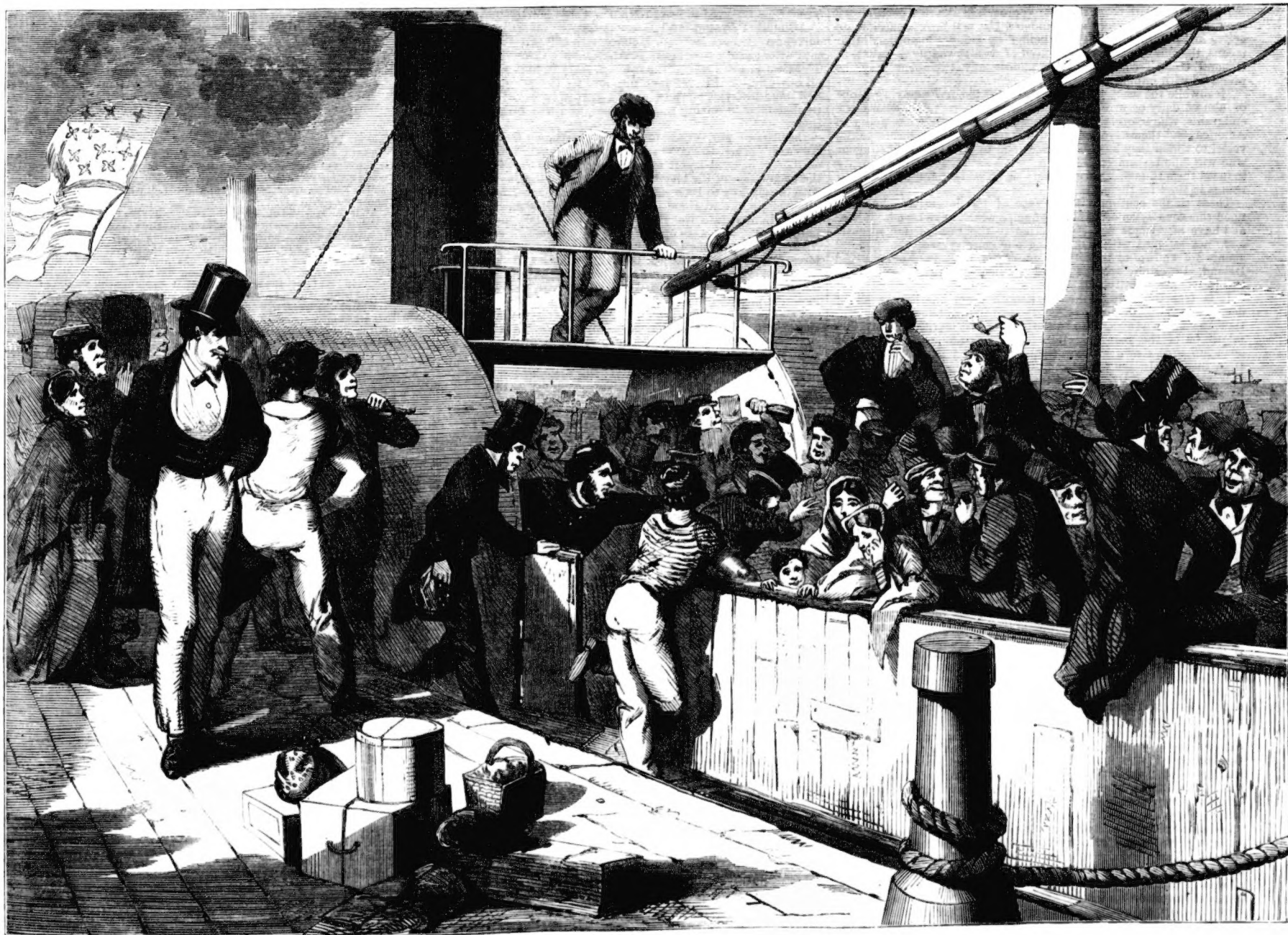
the presidential chair, there is, at least, a chance that he may propose terms of reconciliation to the South, and that those terms may be accepted. The General's "platform" does not, it is true, say anything about separation. The mere mention of the word would doubtless be fatal to his prospects in the present condition of the Northern mind; but it may be gathered, nevertheless, from his profession of principles, that his prime object will be to put an end to the war; whereas the prime object of Mr. Lincoln has always been, and will still be, to re-establish the Union, no matter at what cost or with what consequences.

It is of course doubtful whether General McClellan will be chosen; and, should he become President, it is by no means certain that he will be able to put an end to the war, except on terms that even *he* would not consent to. But in McClellan's election lies the only possibility of a cessation of bloodshed, and for that reason, independently of the personal merits of the man, most Englishmen will wish him success.

In Europe everything remains quiet. We are now in the midst of a period of reaction, and the easy triumph of wrong over right in Poland and Denmark has chilled the aspirations of well-meaning patriots, as well as of ill-meaning revolutionists, in all parts of the Continent. Rumours have lately been circulated of a rising in the Herzegovina; but nothing has hitherto been published to prove that any actual movement has taken place in that distant but not unimportant province. If all the Christian provinces of Turkey could agree to rise

simultaneously against the Turks, the domination of these barbarians in one of the most fertile and beautiful parts of Europe would soon be put an end to. But the Servian plans are all formed for the especial benefit of Servia, the Moldavian and Wallachian schemes for the particular advantage of "Roumania," and so on throughout the whole of European Turkey and the Principalities attached to it.

It appears, by-the-way, that Prince Couza, or "Alexander John, of Roumania," as he prefers to style himself, after imitating Napoleon I. in the matter of the *coup d'état*, has now adopted Alexander II. as his model in regulating the position of the Moldavian and Wallachian peasantry. This little Prince is now the greatest despot in Europe; but although his acts, taken by themselves, are strikingly unjust, they will probably have the effect, in the next generation, of benefiting Roumania as a whole and of rendering it far more formidable than it is at present to Turkey. After violating the Constitution, "Alexander John" turned out the Assembly that it might not complain. Having disposed of the Assembly, which consisted chiefly of landed proprietors, he proceeded to give away the proprietors' farms without their consent, and without any law on the subject beyond his own personal edict. The aim of his policy has been to enrich the peasants at the expense of the landed proprietors, which he had no more right to do than he has to enrich householders at the expense of house proprietors, or bankers' clerks at the expense of bankers. Nevertheless, the effect of Prince Couza's land



FOOD FOR CONFEDERATE POWDER: IRISH EMIGRANTS EMBARKING ON BOARD THE TENDER AT THE LIVERPOOL LANDING-STAGE.

edict will be to create a numerous class of small proprietors, or, in other words, to increase the number of Moldavians and Wallachians sure to be hostile to the Turkish suzerainty. This really patriotic aim is the one attributed to Prince Couza by his admirers, who, we believe, are not to be found in Roumania itself. His adverse critics maintain that his sole object has been to weaken the influence of the wealthy and comparatively enlightened classes in his Principality, so that there may henceforth be no opposition worth caring for to his despotic rule. Whatever the intention may have been, the consequence of the measure will certainly be the one that we have pointed out above.

The region of the Danube is only half European. If we leave Europe altogether we find a certain amount of agitation existing in Madagascar. The Revolution seems to have taken refuge there for the present. On what principle the Madagascar revolutionists act is not very clear, but for many months past they have occasioned a variety of movements and counter-movements of a revolutionary kind. In this last affair, the one thing certain seems to be that the Prime Minister committed acts of an extravagant nature while under the influence of strong drink, or, as the *Moniteur* expresses it, "while his mind was disturbed by intoxication." Fortunately, Madagascar may do as it pleases without England being in any way called upon to interfere; and the only thing interesting in connection with the disturbances that have recently taken place there is the fact that the French journals, always on the look-out for political tempests, are, in the present becalmed state of Europe, obliged to go all the way to Madagascar to find one.

IRISH FOOD FOR AMERICAN POWDER.

THE terrible war in America, startling as have been its revelations, has exhibited no spectacle more extraordinary than the fatuity of the Irish immigrants, who, falling an easy prey to the man-brokers of New York, go to swell the Federal army, where fresh recruits are continually wanted to supply the wholesale waste of life under such Generals as have hitherto directed the Northern forces.

Leaving a country where their own Democrats rave for the Repeal of the Union, and where one of them—a member of the British Parliament—may talk treason with impunity, they take up the cause of a Republic in name, which goes in for extermination rather than disunion, and where military law goes hand-in-hand with the grossest corruption and almost with national bankruptcy. In return for this they are treated as mere hirelings—the chattels of brokers whose business it is to find substitutes to supply the draught; and when once they have reached the scene of operations, are led to slaughter with as little remorse as ever interfered with the susceptibilities of the Generals of antiquity, who put forward their slaves to be cut to pieces before they brought up their more reliable reserves.

We have already published some particulars, with accompanying illustrations, of the manner in which men are kidnapped, hounded, persuaded, or by any means induced to sell themselves at the military offices in New York and elsewhere.

According to late news, the near approach of the new compulsory draught for 500,000 more men rendered the man-brokers still more active and unscrupulous; and, whether by kidnapping or any other means, the State is in such sore need of men to supply the waste of General Grant's campaign that almost any expedient may be practised with impunity.

Meanwhile the scene which is represented in our Engraving is one of almost daily occurrence in one large seaport town, where the emigrants, who scarcely know with what object they are going to America, find themselves on board the tender for reshipment to the vessel to which they have been consigned by the 'cute Yankee agent who will "find them employment" at New York, or has already induced them to take a small bounty as an instalment of the good things in store for them.

These things continue, in the face of the invectives showered upon this country on account of the ships which have been built here and have afterwards been transferred to the Confederate service; and, not satisfied with kidnapping our countrymen, the Federal agents are known to be actively employed, both in England and Ireland, to crimp soldiers for a service of which Americans themselves are heartily sick.

It is true that within the last month there has been a slight decrease in the Irish immigration, though that of the Germans continues as active as ever. Up to the 24th of last month the total immigration of the year 1861 into New York amounted to 132,275 souls, an excess over the corresponding period in 1863 of no less than 29,304. In the week from the 17th to the 24th ult. the arrivals were 9088—of whom about two thirds were Germans—attracted by the promise of 1000 dols. (in depreciated currency) and of promotion which they will never get as long as there are Yankee lawyers and political adventurers to fill up all the grades of the army, from Lieutenant upwards to Brigadier and Major-General. The diminution in the number of the Irish arrivals appears to be but temporary, and always occurs at this period of the year, when harvest hands are wanted in England, and Paddy thinks he may as well earn a little of the money of the "Sassenach" before he finally takes his departure to that glowing and glorious land of the West, where he may own a few acres and cultivate them as he pleases, if he be wise enough to keep out of the army and refuse to become either a corpse or a cripple under General Grant. As soon as the crops are garnered in England and Scotland the exodus will recommence. At least, such is the experience of all previous years, justified in the present by the fact that the steam-packet companies which devote themselves to this trade, as well as the fleet of sailing-vessels that ply between Liverpool and Cork and New York, have sold several thousand tickets in excess of the number of immigrants that would have landed in America, if there had been no exceptional causes at work to detain them temporarily at home. It does not appear, therefore, that there will be much, if any, falling off in the supply of food for Confederate powder from this source, if, contrary to expectation, there should be no armistice, and the ruthless Grant should continue to hurl his unhappy legions against the defences of Richmond.

The fighting material of the American people is, in fact, nearly exhausted; and since the resultless and sickening butchering of General Grant, who, in the words of the *New York Daily News*, has provided "either a cripple or a corpse for half the homes of the North," the little enthusiasm that previously existed has cooled down to a very temperate if not to a freezing point. Federal agents in Germany are offering as much as a thousand dollars' bounty to able-bodied recruits, and are carrying on, under the thin disguise of engaging labourers for railways in the West, a similar system in Ireland. These and the veterans whose term of service has expired are the main sources on which the Government can now rely for effective recruits. Even the journals which most vehemently support the Administration, and which most persistently refuse to see the dark side of things, are compelled to admit that the hearts of the people, if not estranged from the war, are estranged from taking any part in it. In alluding to an advertisement calling upon the students of Yale College residing in New York to assemble in public meeting to devise and adopt a method of mutual insurance against the draught, the *New York Times* confesses and deplores that such is the case.

"Everywhere," it says, "there is a disposition to get clear of the duty. How to escape the draught is the leading question of the day. All devices are resorted to. The gutters are dragged for substitutes. Traps are set in Europe. Negro slaves, who owe the Republic nothing but curses, are driven to the rescue. Nowhere is there to be found a straightforward, personal response to patriotic obligation. . . . The Republic calls upon her sons to defend her. Unless she has that defence, her destruction is inevitable." This is excellent scolding and irrefutable truth; but it will not cause anybody else but an Irish or German mercenary to shoulder the musket.

Foreign Intelligence.

SPAIN.

The Spanish Ministry have tendered their resignation to the Queen, and her Majesty, accepting, has commissioned Senor Mon, formerly Ambassador at the French Court, to reconstitute the Cabinet. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Senor Pacheco, will, it seems, retain his office.

RUSSIA.

A decree of the Emperor excludes Jews in the western provinces from the right of acquiring land and farms, recently conferred upon their body. This exclusion is believed to be ordained because it was feared that the Jewish capitalists of the western provinces were likely to buy up some of the confiscated lands of the Polish rebels for the benefit of the despoiled proprietors themselves. If this be true, the exclusion is in itself a badge of honour to the Jews.

GREECE.

Telegrams from Athens state that the debt of 1824-5 has been recognised. The original capital of £7,000,000 has been consolidated at 2½ millions, at 5 per cent interest. It is added that the Powers have shown themselves favourable to this arrangement and have made important concessions.

MEXICO.

The new empire of Mexico appears to be permanently established. Juarez is believed to have escaped to New Orleans, and the hostility of the guerrillas and others who fight under his name is so lightly esteemed that all the French troops are ordered to be sent home. The blockade of all the Mexican ports has been raised, and the Emperor Maximilian has left the capital on a tour of pacification through the provinces, after relaxing the laws relating to the press, to which a larger measure of liberty is allowed.

CHINA.

The Imperialists have captured the city of Chang-Sing; and Captain Gordon, late chief of the Anglo-Chinese Contingent, has formed a camp of instruction for the purpose of training the native troops.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

Our advices from New York are to the 3rd inst.

On Thursday, Aug. 25, the Confederates made repeated assaults upon Hancock's corps near Reames, on the Weldon Railroad, without important advantage until five p.m., when, by a furious onslaught, they broke his lines, scattered the troops in all directions, capturing many prisoners and cannon, and recovering possession of all but three miles of the railway. Shortly afterwards Ward's 5th Corps came to the rescue, when the battle ceased. The losses in killed and wounded were, by one account, estimated at 5000 upon each side; while another stated that number as the Confederate loss, and returned the Federal casualties at 2000.

On the 28th General Sheridan advanced to Charleston, and discovered that the Confederates had disappeared from his front. They were reported to have retired towards Martinsburg.

Admiral Farragut and General Canby officially announce the surrender of Fort Morgan, Mobile, with 600 prisoners, on the 23rd ult., after twenty-four hours' bombardment by their combined forces. The Confederates spiked the cannon, sixty in number, and destroyed all other material in the fort, previous to the surrender. Farragut had obtained the services of the men who were engaged by the Confederates in setting the torpedoes, and was occupied in raising them.

Despatches purporting to have been sent by General Slocum, of Sherman's army, to Secretary Stanton, were published in New York on the 3rd instant, reporting the evacuation of Atlanta by Hood and the occupation of the city by Sherman; also that a desperate battle, with heavy loss to both sides, was fought near East Point on the same day, and that Hood was retreating to Macon.

The Confederate Generals Forrest, Wheeler, and Morgan had joined forces, and were operating upon Sherman's communications. Nashville despatches state that General Rousseau, with a strong force, had marched to attack Generals Wheeler, Reddy, and Forrest, who were destroying the railway between that place and Murfreesboro'. At the last accounts skirmishing, with varying success, was in active progress.

The Confederates had resumed active operations in Arkansas. On the 23rd ult. Colonel Shelby captured nearly a whole Federal regiment, between Duval Bluff and Little Rock. He was later reported marching upon Duval Bluff and St. Charles.

Guerrillas along the White River fire upon all passing boats. Rumours were current that the Administration was making efforts for peace.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The Democratic Convention for nominating a candidate for the presidency assembled on the 29th of August. Mr. Horatio Seymour, Governor of New York, was elected next day to preside, and on taking the chair delivered the following speech:—

Gentlemen of the Convention, I cannot forecast the resolutions and action of this Convention, but I can say that every member of it loves the Union, desires peace, and will uphold constitutional freedom. While the resolutions and action of this Convention are of the utmost importance, there are reasons why the Democratic party should be restored to power, and they are great reasons. The Democratic party will restore the Union, because it longs for its restoration. It will bring peace, because it loves peace. It will bring back liberty to our land, because it loves liberty. It will put down despotism; it hates the ignominious tyranny which now degrades the American people. Four years ago a Convention met in this city when our country was peaceful, prosperous, and united. Its delegates did not mean to destroy our Government, to overwhelm us with debt, or to drench our land with blood; but they were animated by intolerance, and fanaticism, and blinded by an ignorance of the spirit of our institutions, the character of our people, and the condition of our land. They thought they might safely indulge their passions, and they concluded to do so. They would not heed the warnings of our fathers, and they did not consider that meddling begets strife. Their passions have wrought out their natural results. They were impelled to spurn all measures of compromise. Step by step they have marched on to results which at the outset they would have shrunk with horror from; and even now, when war has desolated our land and laid its heavy burdens upon labour, and when bankruptcy and ruin overhang us, their own Constitution, they will not let the shedding of blood cease, even for a little time, to see if Christian charity or the wisdom of statesmanship may not work out a method to save our country. Nay, more than this, they will not listen to a proposal for peace which does not offer that which this Government has no right to ask. This Administration cannot have this Union if it would. It has, by its proclamations and vindictive legislation, and by displays of hate and passion, placed obstacles in its own pathway which it cannot overcome. It hampered its own freedom of action by unconstitutionalities. It cannot be said that the failure of its policy is due to want of courage and devotion on the part of our armies. Never in the history of the world have soldiers given up their lives more freely than have those of the armies which have battled for the flag of our Union in the Southern States. The world will hold that they have done all that arms can do; and, had wise statesmanship secured the fruits of their victories, to-day there would have been peace in our land. But while our soldiers have desperately struggled to carry our banners to the Gulf of Mexico, even now the Government declares, in the edict of a general, that the rebellion has worked northward to the shores of the great lakes. The guaranteed right of the people to bear arms has been trampled under foot up to the very borders of Canada, so that American servitude is put in bad contrast with British

liberty. This Administration thus declares to the world that it has no faith in the people of the States whose votes placed it in power. It also admits, by such an edict, that these people have no faith in the Administration. While those in power, without remorse, sacrifice the blood and treasure of our people, they will not give up their own passions for the public good. This Union is not held asunder by military ambition. If our political troubles could be referred to the peaceful arbitration of the contending armies in the field, our Union would be restored, the rights of the States would be guaranteed, the sacredness of homes and persons be again respected, and an insulted judiciary would again administer the laws of the land. Let not the ruin of our country be charged to our soldiers. It is not due to their teachings or fanaticism. In constant official intercourse with them, I have never heard uttered one sentiment of hatred towards the people of the South. Beyond all other men they value the blessings of peace and the virtues of gentleness and charity, while those who stay at home demand that no mercy, charity, or forgiveness be shown. The bigotry of fanaticism and intrigues of placemen have made bloody pages of the history of the past three years. It was a soldier upon whom our Saviour bestowed His only commendation when He hung upon the cross and the Pharisees mocked his sufferings. It was a soldier who alone discerned His divinity when he heard Him pour forth a prayer for mercy and forgiveness for the authors of His sufferings. This Administration cannot save this Union; we can. Mr. Lincoln views many things as above the Union; we put the Union first of all. He thinks a proclamation worth more than peace; we think the blood of our people more precious than the edicts of the President. There are no hindrances in our pathway to union and peace. We demand no conditions for the restoration of the Union. We are shackled with no hates, no prejudices, no passions. We wish for fraternal relationship with the people of the South. We demand of them what we demand for ourselves—full recognition of the rights of the States. We mean that every State on our nation's banner shall shine with one and the same lustre. In the coming election men must decide with which of the two parties into which our people are divided they will act. If they wish for union, they will act with that party which will hold the Union together. They will act with that party which does now and always will reverence the Union. If they wish for peace, they will act with those who sought to avert this war, or who now seek to restore goodwill and harmony among all sections of our country. If they care for their rights and the sacredness of their homes, they will act with those who have stood up to resist arbitrary arrests, despotic legislation, and the overthrow of the judiciary. If, upon the other hand, they are willing to continue the present policy of the Government and condition of affairs, let them act with that organisation which made the present condition of our country. There are many good men who will be led to do this by their passions and prejudices, and our land swarms with placemen who will hold upon power with deadly grasp. But as for us, we are resolved that the party which has made the history of our country since its advent to power seem like some unnatural, terrible dream shall be overthrown. Four years ago it had its birth on this spot. Let us see that by our action it shall die here, where it was born. We desire union and peace. The Administration deny us union and peace; for they demand conditions and exact a price which they know will prolong the war, and war unduly prolonged becomes disunion. Wise statesmanship can now bring this war to a close upon the terms solemnly set forth by the Government at the outset of the contest. In the political contest in which we are engaged we do not seek partisan advantages. We are battling for the rights of those who belong to all political parties. We mean the right of speech shall be unimpeached, although that right may be used to denounce us. We intend the right of conscience shall be protected, although mistaken views of duty may turn the temples of religion into theatres for partisan denunciations. We mean that the home rights and sacredness of the fireside shall be respected by those in authority, no matter what political views may be held by those who sit beneath their roof-trees. When the Democratic party have gained the power we shall not be less but more tenacious upon these subjects. We have foreborne much because those who are now charged with the conduct of public affairs know but little about the principles of our Government. We were unwilling to present the appearance of factious opposition; but when we shall have gained the power the official who shall violate one principle of the law, one single right of the humblest man of our land, shall be punished by the full rigours of the law. It matters not whether he sits in the chair or holds a humble office under our Government. (Enthusiastic cheers greeted Governor Seymour as he closed.)

In the afternoon, the committee on resolutions submitted the following "platform" for the adoption of the convention:—

Resolved,—That, in the future, as in the past, we will adhere with unwavering fidelity to the Union, under the Constitution, as the only solid foundation of our strength, security, and happiness as a people, and as a framework of government equally conducive to the prosperity of all the States, both Northern and Southern.

That this convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that, after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under pretence of military necessity or war power, higher than the Constitution, the Constitution has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private rights alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that, at the earliest practicable moment, peace may be restored on the basis of the federal union of the States.

That the direct interference of the military authority of the United States in the recent elections held in Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and Delaware was a shameful violation of the Constitution, and the repetition of such acts will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control.

That the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the federal union and the rights of the States unimpaired, and they hereby declare that they consider the Administrative usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers, not granted by the Constitution, the subversion of civil and military law in States not in insurrection, the arbitrary military arrest, imprisonment, trial, and sentence of American citizens in States where the civil law exists in full force, the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press, the denial of the right of asylum, the open and avowed disregard of State rights, the employment of unusual test-oaths, and interference with and denial of the right of the people to bear arms, as calculated to prevent the restoration of the Union and perpetuation of a Government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.

That the shameful disregard of the Administration of its duty in respect to our fellow-citizens who now and long have been prisoners of war in a suffering condition deserves the severest reprobation, on the score alike of public and common humanity.

That the sympathy of the Democratic party is heartily and earnestly extended to the soldiery of our army, who are and have been in the field under the flag of our country, and in the event of our attaining power they will receive all the care, protection, regard, and kindness that the brave soldiers of the Republic have so nobly earned.

After some discussion, in which several amendments of minor importance were proposed, the resolutions were adopted with but four dissenting voices. A long and very animated debate followed, in the course of which General McClellan and Governor Seymour were proposed as candidates for the presidency. Ultimately, however, it was unanimously resolved that General McClellan should be the candidate put before the people in opposition to Mr. Lincoln.

DEATHS FROM STARVATION.—Two deaths from starvation, under most horrible circumstances, are reported to have occurred at Chelsea. About three weeks ago a man, calling himself Selby, but whose real name is Moss, took an unfurnished front room in Durham-street, Chelsea, and he and three sisters occupied it. They were rarely seen out, but soon a fearful stench came from the room. The landlord of the house last Friday morning saw Moss and spoke to him about it. Moss said one of his sisters had died on the previous Monday and another on the Tuesday, and he could not bury them. The authorities were communicated with and the room entered, when the bodies of the women were found in a state of decomposition. They had died of starvation. An inquest was subsequently held on the bodies.

THE FEDERAL DEBT.—The *New York Times* says:—"The official recapitulation of the public debt up to the 23rd of August shows it to be 1,859,274,000 dols., or 9,561,000 dols. more than the previous week's statement. The unpaid requisitions are nearly 80,000,000 dols., and the amount in the Treasury over 19,000,000 dols." The *World* examines "how we compare with England in wealth and public debt," because the burden of a debt depends upon the wealth or poverty of the debtor. "The British National Debt was, on the 31st of March last, £799,862,139, or, reckoning five dollars to the pound, it was 3,999,016,695 dols. The interest on that debt, which is 3 per cent, is 119,970,320 dols. By official returns, the entire wealth and valuation of the nation was, on the 8th day of April, 1861, 31,500,000,000 dols. Therefore, the yearly interest is at the rate of 1 dol. for 262 dols. of the valuation. By the Census of 1860 the entire wealth and valuation of the United States and territories was 16,159,616,008 dols., including 4,000,000 of slaves at a Southern valuation. Our public debt, besides our State and municipal debts and other liabilities, will on the 4th of March next, be more than 2,633,427,101 dols., and it is all to be funded, and draw an interest of six per cent in gold, which is 159,205,626 dols. Therefore, the yearly interest payable in gold is at the rate of 1 dol. for 101 dols. of the valuation, which is more than two and a half times larger than the interest of the debt of Great Britain relatively to the valuation. With gold at 250, payable in United States' currency, the rate of interest will make our debt relatively more than six times and a quarter greater than that of Great Britain, and that, too, as compared with the resources and valuation of the United States in 1860, as it then was, and as it is now."

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN DENMARK.

AFTER a passage, rough in some parts, but on the whole favourable, the yacht conveying their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the members of their suite, from Scotland to the coast of Denmark, came in sight of Elsinore about ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 6th inst. At that time there was only just sufficient motion of the waves to render sailing agreeable, and those on board, as they swept along the Kattegat, enjoyed an admirable view both of the Danish and Swedish coasts, which here present—the Danish more especially—a strong resemblance to the picturesque outlines of Hampshire. The Sound was, as usual, crowded with the shipping of all nations; many being of large tonnage, many, again, but coasting vessels, constructed on the model which has been favoured in these narrow seas for nearly four centuries. The motion and courses of all these different craft imparted to the scene that element of life and variety without which the finest marine landscape is apt to grow monotonous. Before the yacht and at the entrance to the harbour lay the Castle of Kronborg, the stronghold for centuries of Scandinavian Kings and superstitions, rearing its white Gothic towers from the water's edge to a height and form recalling those of Heidelberg. The voices of the fort were soon raised in honour of the fair Princess arriving to revisit her early home, and the nine Danish frigates moored in a circle off the town lost no time in repeating the welcomes of the cannon of Kronborg. The celebrated Rolf Krake was not included in this flotilla, but another ironclad, the Dannebrog, was among their number. The yards of the Danish vessels were manned; but for whatever reason—possibly it may not form part of the Danish naval etiquette—the full dress of flags was not resorted to. The duty of acknowledging the Danish salutes devolved upon the only British ship of war present—the Aurora, commanded by Captain Leopold McClintock, of Arctic celebrity. She first answered the salute of the fort, then that of the fleet, and subsequently fired a salute of twenty-one guns, when the Danish flag was run up to the masthead of the Royal yacht. The Aurora had been cruising off Heligoland some time previously, and was lying at Elsinore for a couple of days before the arrival of the Royal yacht. As soon as the latter came in sight she steamed out to meet her, and returned in company with her and the Salamis, the Admiralty despatch-boat, which throughout the passage from Scotland acted in the capacity of tender. At twelve o'clock the Royal yacht came alongside the pier, when the King and Queen of Denmark, the Crown Prince, and Princess Dagmar, who had been waiting its arrival, went on board under a salute from the Aurora, and most affectionate greetings ensued between the different members of the family. Sir Augustus and Lady Paget, with the staff attached to the Embassy at Copenhagen, having paid their respects, the Royal party and suite prepared to leave the vessel and to take their seats in the carriages which were to convey them to Fredensborg. On land there was little of what could be called ceremony connected with their reception; but such demonstrations as took place were most gratifying. The Mayor or Burgomaster of Elsinore, an official whose functions are not confined, as his name might imply, to purely civic duties, but who acts as an officer of the State and head of the Administration in the district, made a short speech in Danish and presented a congratulatory address. To this his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales returned a brief reply, and the cortege proceeded on its way through the town.

The streets were all lined with soldiers, the house fronts were gaily festooned and ornamented with flowers, a triumphal arch spanned the principal avenue, society arrayed itself in its very best clothes, and at one point something very like a piece of theatrical effect had been organised. Owing to a sudden dip in the ground a terrace runs for a short distance parallel to but considerably above the level of the roadway. This terrace was filled with members of the various musical societies, and the space intervening between the carriage drive and the position they occupied was draped so as to suggest the impression that a gallery had been specially erected. From this commanding position the orchestra sang to a national air Danish verses composed in honour of the visit of their Royal Highnesses; and the temporary halt thus occasioned, while giving evident pleasure to those who constituted the Royal cortege, afforded to the spectators an admirable opportunity of seeing those whom they had come to welcome. As the carriages moved on again the acclamations redoubled, and were prolonged by groups assembled along the road at intervals.

In these days of tercentenary festivals, and above all in the town of Elsinore, it is a great shock to one's Shakspeareanism to be told that Hamlet, properly "Amlet," was not the son of the King of Denmark, but of a pirate chief; that, as a pagan, living centuries before the Christian era, he did no more than his duty in revenging his father's death; that he by no means fell in single combat with Laertes, but lived to become Governor of Jutland, and to marry two wives, one of whom was daughter of an English King. The culminating point of this antiquarian heresy is that there was no Ophelia.

Leaving behind the picturesque town of Elsinore, with its 8000 inhabitants, nothing remarkable is passed on the road to Fredensborg with the exception of the ruined castle of Gurre, to which a tradition clings remarkable for its likeness, in a double aspect, to those connected with English history. In the fourteenth century Valdemar IV., like our Henry II., concealed in this sequestered nook from the jealousy of his Queen a Danish Fair Rosamond, known as Tovelil, or "Little Love." But whereas English history has been content to infer that Queen Eleanor, after the discovery, proved to her liege Lord a sufficiently retributive thorn in the flesh, Danish story goes much further, and dooms Valdemar to the fate of "Herne the Hunter," for having blasphemously declared that he should not desire Heaven if Gurre were left to him.

Fredensborg Castle, the destination to which the cortege rapidly made its way, and reached about an hour after leaving Elsinore, takes its name—the Castle of Peace—from the settlement putting an end to the war with Sweden, which was concluded in 1720. In the edifice, dating from about that period and erected in the reign of Frederick IV., there is little externally to strike the eye. The gates and approaches are not unlike, and, indeed, by no means excel, many of those giving access to the country seats of our untitled nobility. The grand courtyard is inclosed within semicircular ranges of building, forming wings to the body of the palace, and many of these apartments are said to be assigned as marks of Royal favour, either to persons who have merited well of the State, or to families belonging to the higher classes of society whose pecuniary circumstances render a dwelling free of expense a welcome boon. The central portion of the palace rises two stories above a lofty terrace overlooking the courtyard, and the upper portion of the building is crowned by a dome-shaped roof. The frontage, however, is flat and unornamental, and the great door of entrance is as huge and bald as some of those still to be seen in religious edifices of the period when "Churchwarden's Gothic" reigned supreme. The attractions of the palace consist partly of a large collection of pictures, but mainly in the views obtained from its grounds over the lovely Esrom Lake and the gardens, which are of great extent and beautifully laid out.

In the great entrance-hall, of striking proportions and decorated with paintings in honour of the peace which is associated with the foundation of the castle, a guard of honour of the Royal Horse Guards, dismounted, was drawn up. This body, which is of as good average stature as the British heavy cavalry, has in the distance, and more especially with the sunlight playing upon their uniform, the aspect of being clothed in brass. Both helmets and cuirasses are of that colour, if not of that material, and the canary-coloured tunic and buckskins look like a continuation of the armour. The officer in command of the corps wore over his uniform a scarlet and silver star of Denmark, covering the entire of his cuirass. Probably the most remarkable feature, however, in the array drawn up to receive the Prince and Princess of England was the staff of running footmen belonging to the King of Denmark. These wear, no doubt in accordance with ancient custom, a livery exceedingly rich as to material, but ludicrously suggestive of Astley's. Scarlet and yellow

are the predominating colours, and upon their heads are silver hats of great capacity, in which, as the castle was en fête, enormous bouquets of the choicest flowers were placed. So active and well trained were these valets in the functions of their office, that they skipped up and down stairs, carried and unrolled heavy carpets, and yet not a single flower was displaced.

To bid the Royal guests welcome to the palace a distinguished party assembled on the steps of the terrace. This included, among others, the grandfather of the Princess of Wales and brother of the Duchess of Cambridge, the Landgrave of Hesse, Princess Marie of Hainault (sister of the Queen of Denmark) and her daughter, Princess Hilda of Hainault, Princess Thyra of Denmark, General Oxholm, the Danish State Steward, the Master of the Horse, the Countess Reventlow, &c. Into the reception at Elsinore a public character necessarily entered to some extent, but at Fredensborg it was altogether a family party. With the exception of the military and servants of the household, there were not more than half a dozen spectators, admitted by special favour, who were unconnected with the Royal family. The greeting which the Princess received on alighting showed that, however warmly she may be appreciated and admired in England, in Denmark, where she must have been longer and more intimately known, the affection felt for her is even stronger. The Princess had no sooner passed from the embrace of one relative, seventy-seven years of age, who was visibly affected on seeing her again, than she was claimed with the utmost eagerness by her brother, the young Prince Waldemar, not yet six years old, whom it was absolutely necessary to kneel down and kiss before the rejoicings could proceed any further. The Prince of Wales was likewise most cordially welcomed by all the assembled members of the family; and after the officers of the guard, &c., had been admitted to the honour of kissing hands, the Royal party withdrew into the interior of the palace. The day was unfortunately marred by several very heavy showers; but, although one of these preceded the arrival, and another immediately followed the housing of their Royal Highnesses, there was fortunately an interval of ten or fifteen minutes, during which the weather relaxed its severer features, as if to enhance the pleasure with which the Princess naturally found herself on the familiar stairs surrounded by all the well-known faces.

For the next few days the life at Fredensborg Castle will be as much as possible that of a private family. In fact, it seems as if the object at present were rather to spend a few days of quiet enjoyment and retirement than to enter upon any round of public gaieties which at such a moment might seem out of harmony with the national feeling.

Their Royal Highnesses proceeded to Bernstorff on Wednesday. A triumphal arch was erected and national airs were played. An address was read by the clergyman of the parish. The King of Denmark returned thanks on behalf of his Royal son-in-law and daughter. There was a large concourse of people, by whom their Royal Highnesses were heartily cheered.

AN ELOPEMENT AT ROME.

RUNAWAY matches, especially between persons of different creeds, are not easily achieved in the Pontifical dominions, where there exists no Gretna-green nor accommodating matrimonial blacksmith ready to rivet the fetters of Hymen for all comers without asking any indiscreet questions. To elope with a young lady is therefore a hazardous undertaking, and such as is likely to throw the ecclesiastical and police authorities into an active state of ferment when brought to their cognizance. An event of this description has just taken place, however, entailing a concatenation of circumstances which are at the present moment providing abundant employment for the British Consul, the Minister of Police, the Cardinal Vicar, and even the Cardinal Secretary of State.

Among the foreign residents in, and visitors to, Rome who have availed themselves of the pleasant villas and casino at Frascati for the summer *villégiatura* this year are an English lady, Mrs. Falconnet, and her niece, Miss Larkworthy. On Monday, Aug. 29, the young lady disappeared from her aunt's villa at Frascati, having been escorted to Rome by a Roman cavalieri who was in the habit of visiting them. On Tuesday, the 30th, the British Consul was surprised to receive a letter from the young lady, brought to him by the cavalieri, claiming his protection as a British subject, but bearing no date demonstrative of the place whence the letter was written. As it appeared that an immediate marriage was contemplated by the parties interested which the British Consul under the circumstances had no power to celebrate, the conference came to an unsatisfactory conclusion; and on the following day matters became still more complicated by the arrival in Rome of Mrs. Falconnet, claiming Mr. Severn's protection also, as a British subject, and demanding the immediate restitution of her niece. In order to restore Miss Larkworthy to her aunt it was necessary to find out, first of all, where she was residing; and, through the Minister of Police and the Cardinal Vicar, it was discovered that she had been conveyed by the cavalieri, in the first instance, into the house of a Signora Marchesa, residing near the Piazza del Popolo, and then transferred to the nunnery in the Villa Lante, for the purpose of being initiated into the Catholic religion, as a preliminary step to being united to her *fiancé* in the bonds of matrimony according to the legitimate forms of the Catholic rite. Mr. Severn's duty, as British Consul, was evidently to ascertain from the young lady's own mouth that the step she was about to take was really in accordance with her own free will, which, it is to be presumed, she was free to exercise, being arrived at the age of twenty-two, one of majority, if not of maturity, with the fair as well as the sterner sex.

No difficulties appear to have been opposed to this step, for, after an interview with Cardinal Antonelli, and another with the Cardinal Vicar, Mr. Severn, duly furnished with a license from the latter, proceeded to the Villa Lante to visit the fair runaway, and convince himself by her own word of mouth that everything that had taken place was with her own free consent. The Consul, however, was rather displeased at not being allowed unrestricted conversation with Miss Larkworthy. Two nuns remained present during the interview, and declared positively that the rules of their establishment prevented them from allowing any of their inmates to converse with visitors without the presence of two nuns, except by special order of the Cardinal Vicar.

The Consul accordingly returned to Cardinal Antonelli and expressed a wish that the conventional rules might be infringed on for once and a free colloquy allowed him with the young lady. His Eminence acquiesced, and the Cardinal Vicar, duly apprised, sent up instructions to the convent; so that when Mr. Severn returned there, he was received by a very affable English nun, who introduced him into Miss Larkworthy's presence and left him alone with her. In the course of a very long conversation the Consul became perfectly convinced that no coercion had been exercised over the young lady, but that she was acting by her own free will in withdrawing from the protection of her aunt and changing her religion for the purpose of marrying the cavalieri, who is of Sicilian lineage on the father's side, but on the mother's side belongs to the ancient house of Borgia. He is for the moment under arrest in the monastery of St. Andrea della Valle for the abduction of the young lady; but the result will probably show that "all's well that ends well," and his precipitation will be forgiven in consideration of his betrothed having become a Catholic. Miss Larkworthy had hitherto large pecuniary expectations from her aunt, but she has shown herself perfectly ready to sacrifice them on the altar of Hymen, and it is to be concluded that no disappointment on that score will be felt by her *sposo*.

MARBLE BUSTS of her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales, by Marshall Wood, the gift of Mr. John Crossley, have lately been presented to the Corporation of Halifax and placed upon pedestals, designed by Mr. Edward Barry, A.R.A., in the Townhall. A corresponding bust of the late Prince Consort, by the same sculptor, has also been presented to the Corporation by Mr. William Holdsworth, the present Mayor of Halifax, and placed the other busts.

PROPOSED BRITISH AMERICAN CONFEDERATION.—A project is being discussed in the British American Provinces for forming the whole of our possessions on that continent into a confederation, somewhat after the model of the late United States, but still to be under the dominion of the British Crown. This idea has been broached in Canada, in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining a safe rate of parties in the Upper and Lower Provinces. In the equally-balanced state of a Toronto paper says that "in point of territory reference to this project, a Government, would make one of the most extensive countries in the world. It is impossible to state the area with absolute accuracy, because many parts have been only imperfectly surveyed or explored; but it may, at all events, be taken that Newfoundland comprises 40,200 square miles (many persons believe the number to be much greater); Prince Edward Island is 2173 square miles; New Brunswick, 27,105; Nova Scotia, 18,600; Canada, according to Sir W. Logan, 330,000; Hudson Bay territory, 2,300,000; British Columbia, 200,000; Vancouver Island, 15,000; making together 2,933,078 square miles—a larger area than that of the United States (if there be such a country now), and approaching the size of Europe. The boundaries of British North America may be taken to exceed 11,500 miles. But if for the present the proposed confederacy stop short at the Red River, it would embrace a territory more extensive than those of France, Italy, Portugal, and Greece added together, and equal to Germany and Spain united."

IRELAND.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.—A farmer living near Clonmel some few mornings ago perceived two goats creating serious havoc in his cabbage garden. The marauders in question were attached to each other with a rope, and when apparently luxuriating on curlyheads, &c., their banqueting was disturbed by the owner, who, with the aid of a long stick, caused them to retreat. Instead of taking the gate, however, they made for the fence, topped it, and off; when they found themselves one at each side of a colt's back and being strangled. Away dashed the affrighted horse; the more the goats kicked and plunged the faster it went, until the lot came to a quarry, when over went the three, falling a considerable distance. All three were found dead, and it is said that legal proceedings will be the result. The question arises, Who was in fault? One man had his cabbage garden injured, and the perpetrators thereof were hung, inducing a loss to their owner, and a good young horse came "to grief," for which his master seeks compensation.

SCOTLAND.

BOILER EXPLOSION NEAR GLASGOW.—SEVEN PERSONS KILLED AND TEN WOUNDED.—On Friday week a boiler exploded at the printworks of Messrs. J. and A. Coubrough, at Blanehead, Milngavie, near Glasgow. The boiler was one of the ordinary cylindrical shape, measuring 24ft. in length by about 8 ft. in diameter. It stood by itself, resting on a bed of brickwork, and protected from the weather by a light shed. The furnace door faced a dyehouse, about 70 ft. long by 60 ft. in breadth, and the opposite end of the boiler came close up to the engine-house. Between the dyehouse and the boiler was a space about 9 ft. in breadth, occupied by the firehole and a coal store. The accident occurred between half-past four and five o'clock, at which time the engine-man and fireman were standing in front of the furnace door, while the dyehouse was occupied by some sixty or seventy workpeople. The first intimation of the occurrence was a loud report which shook the works and spread alarm throughout the whole neighbourhood. Then followed the noise of falling masonry, while the vicinity of the boiler became enveloped in clouds of steam and inundated with streams of boiling water. The boiler had given way in the inside flue, and the force of the explosion had blown off the furnace door, which was projected with great force against the dyehouse immediately opposite. The wall of this building facing the boiler was blown down, as was also that at the opposite end, distant about 70 ft., while a considerable portion of the roof was carried away. When the walls gave way the interior of the dyehouse was exposed to a deluge of scalding water mixed with steam. The boiler was lifted up from its bed, but again settled down among the ruined brickwork. Of the two men who were standing near the furnace-door, Andrew Renfrew, engine-man, was so severely injured that he soon afterwards died. The fireman, David Barr, however, escaped with a slight scalding. Within the dyehouse three boys and an old woman were bruised and scalded to such an extent that they died shortly afterwards; while eight other persons sustained injury from the steam and hot water. The damage to the works is very considerable. In addition to the breaking down of the dyehouse walls, the machinery contained in that portion of the premises has been a good deal knocked about. The engines at the other end of the boiler, however, fortunately escaped.

THE PROVINCES.

FATAL COLLIERIES EXPLOSION.—A frightful colliery explosion took place last week near North Shields. The pit in which the explosion took place is called the Sedghill Colliery. Eighteen men and lads were at work in a part of the pit known as the Far California Bank, when suddenly the gas fired, and in a moment seven of the number were killed and nearly all the others seriously injured. Fortunately, the explosion did not extend to other parts of the pit, where a large number of men were at work. The colliery where the accident occurred is close by the Hartley pit, the scene of the appalling disaster some time since. It is fortunate that only eighteen men out of the 600 belonging to the colliery were at work in the pit at the time of the explosion. The victims, dead and living, were all got out about fourteen hours after the first alarm.

GREAT FIRES IN LINCOLNSHIRE.—Nearly half the village of Billingham, near Tattershall, in Lincolnshire, was on Friday week destroyed by fire. The conflagration had its origin in a hovel in the yard of a wood-dealer at one end of the village. A strong wind was blowing, which swept the flames along, burning stacks and houses with relentless fury. It was only after the fire had raged for some hours that its further progress was checked. On Saturday last flames were seen to issue from a cornstack on the farmstead of Mr. John Sharpe, of Billingham Fen, about half a mile or better from the scene of disaster of the previous day. In the course of a few minutes the whole of the stacks—all fresh-gathered grain—were in a blaze, as was also a wooden building close by. An abundance of help was soon at hand, and everything was done to suppress the fire, but the stacks and shed were destroyed. The house, however, was preserved. The sufferer in this case is brother to a person whose house was consumed the day before.

SHOCKING CRUELTY IN A WORKHOUSE.—On Saturday last, before the Nottingham county magistrates, Mr. Rhodes, master of Basford Union, and a man named Bruton, doing duty as assistant schoolmaster, were charged with ill-using and beating one of the paupers, a boy about ten years of age, named Fletcher. The boy stated that on Saturday morning he was ordered to assist in making the beds, but refused to do so in consequence of there being only two boys to help him instead of four. Mr. Rhodes was called, and the boy having again refused to do the work, the master commenced beating him with a thick stick about the head until he could scarcely move, Bruton holding him meanwhile. He managed to crawl away to the police station, however, whence he was taken before a magistrate. Inspector Vaux deposed that the lad's back presented such a spectacle as he had never before seen. It was one mass of blood, weals, and bruises. His head also bled from a severe wound. In defence it was contended that the boy was very disobedient and morose. The beating was not denied. The magistrates convicted Rhodes in a penalty of £5, and said the board of guardians ought to take cognizance of the conviction. Bruton was discharged.

CONFEDERATES AND FEDERALISTS.—Two lads named Mordant and Meadows were amusing themselves last Saturday with shooting at small birds in Epping Forest, when they met a third boy, named Jameson, who had a dog with him. Thinking that the dog would be useful to them, they called out, "We are Confederates, and you are only a Federal; so deliver up the dog or we'll shoot you." Jameson ran behind a bush, and Mordant fired at random. Unfortunately, he hit the poor boy in the face, and he now lies at the London Hospital in a very precarious state. Mordant was taken before the magistrates at Ilford, and remanded.

BISHOP COLENSO.—There was a good deal of animation at Claybrook, in Leicestershire, on Sunday. Bishop Colenso had been announced to preach there. The Bishop of Peterborough, however, intervened, and inhibited the Rev. Mr. Johnson, the Vicar, and the Rev. Lewis Wood, the Curate, from permitting his Lordship of Natal to preach. The inhibition was obeyed; but the Rev. Lewis Wood took the opportunity of reading largely from Bishop Colenso's works; and in the evening the Bishop himself delivered an address to a great number of people. He was to have spoken in the school-room, but that building was found to be too small, and there was, consequently, an adjournment to the village green.

EXPLORATION OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.—An expedition has been organised by the Colonial Government and colonists of Vancouver Island for the purpose of exploring the northern and central parts of the island. These parts have never been surveyed, and are practically unknown. In addition to fixing the topography of the island, they are to look out for open ground for settlements, and for indications of gold, copper, and coal. The party is under the leadership of Dr. Robert Brown, of Edinburgh, who has made himself favourably known in the colony as a man of practical science. The expedition was to start from Victoria in a gun-boat, to the mouth of the Cowichan River, from which place explorations will be commenced.

FORTY MILES AN HOUR AT SEA.—Mr. James Steel, a working joiner of Liverpool, has invented a screw propeller, and states, from experiments made on the Prince's Park Lake, that with this screw he can get four times the speed of the ordinary screw with the same engine and the same pressure of steam. The screws are worked reverse, by means of two wheels at the centre boxes of the screws, and can be replaced at sea at any time, and being only one third in the water, can be unshipped without any difficulty. There are six blades in one frame, the reversible one catching the backwater as the ordinary one, giving thereby five times the velocity. The steam on his model is raised by naphtha. The Admiralty has been communicated with, and the Duke of Somerset has ordered the tracings to be sent, which was done on the 1st inst.

A LOVE STORY.—A good story is reported from Vienna. A lady of property and thirty years fell in love with a young lawyer, a Dr. Kant, and invited him to her house. He came, and she imagining he was shy in popping the question, herself opened up the matter, and he replied: "I have already thought of marrying, and made my choice, but—" "But?" the lady hastily interposed. "But," he continued, "the lady is rich, very rich, and I am poor. I am afraid I can hardly aspire to her hand, and, rather than allow myself to be taxed with sordid designs, I will burn my passion in my breast, and leave it unavowed for ever." The next day she executed a deed making over the sum of £15,000 to Dr. Kant, and sent him the deed with a note to the following effect:—"Dear Sir, I have much pleasure in inclosing a paper which I hope will remove the obstacle in the way of your marriage. Believe me, &c., ALICE MARTINI." Thereupon he proposed for the hand of the Fraulein Fischel, the real lady of his love, and was accepted. Miss Martini forthwith sued the happy bridegroom for restitution; but, as no promise of marriage had been made, the case was, by two successive courts, decided against her.



THE NEW EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART AND INDUSTRY AT AMSTERDAM.

THE INDUSTRIAL ART-EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM.

WE have already published an Engraving of the exterior of the new palace of industrial art just completed at Amsterdam, and our present illustration represents the interior as it appeared on its opening on the 16th of last month.

The palace, which is a superb example of the Byzantine style of architecture, was erected under the superintendence of M. Dutshoorn,

the Sir Joseph Paxton of the Netherlands. Its entire length is 420 ft., and its breadth 282 ft., the ground floor being raised 8 ft.

The windows which occupy the ends of the building, surmounted with the arms of the provinces of Holland carved in stone, are each 78 ft. wide, and are very finely arched.

The palace is entered at each end as well as at the front; and the front, or grand entrance, is particularly striking from its bold-

ness of design. The transept is 380 ft. in length, its breadth beneath the dome is 136 ft., and its height 180 ft.; while the handsome gallery by which it is surrounded projects some 20 ft. from the wall, and communicates with the large hall by eight staircases. It is supported by fluted pillars of cast iron, and leads, by means of four handsome crystal doors, to outer balconies, from which visitors may obtain very extensive views of the surrounding



THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS, PARIS.

country. The dome, which is of oval shape, is admirably constructed, and has an appearance of such wonderful lightness that it scarcely seems to form a part of the main building. It is surmounted with a very effective figure representing Victory, and is lighted at night by two rows of gas jets which are placed within it, while all round the gallery extend two other parallel rows, at a distance of about 20 ft. from each other, the whole amounting to 6000 jets. At the eastern end of the transept is an orchestra, affording accommodation for a choir of 400 persons, while on each side two additional halls, each 150 ft. in length, 34 ft. in breadth, and 57 ft. in height, are intended for miscellaneous purposes. The rest of the building is devoted to a series of vestibules, refreshment-rooms, and cellars, admirably adapted to the purposes for which they have been constructed. At present the larger part of the grounds are covered with ugly buildings and temporary erections, which afford a sufficiently hideous contrast to the splendid palace to which they act as a disagreeable foil. A peep at the official plans, however, will show that the grounds of the Dutch Crystal Palace will be ultimately laid out with an exquisite taste which will place them amongst the most attractive of European gardens. This will, doubtless, be a work of time, but the Hollanders are patient and can and do wait for results, their slow progress being rewarded by that sort of perfection which comes with time. The Amsterdam Exhibition itself was commenced in 1858, and the consequence is that it displays a degree of perfection and finish which are the admiration of very competent judges. The whole work has been effected by a joint-stock company, the directors of which received no assistance whatever from the Government. The original capital was a million, which was ultimately increased to a million and a half of guilders (£125,000); and, notwithstanding innumerable difficulties in carrying out their plans, they have surmounted every hindrance and arrived at a most satisfactory result.

The building was officially opened under the presidency of the venerable Prince Frederic of the Netherlands, and in the presence of about 7000 spectators. An appropriately-ornamented raised dais was erected in the nave for the reception of the authorities, Royal, directorial, and municipal; and after several preliminary addresses and rejoinders in the usual official style, but which were almost inaudible to the ordinary visitors, Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" and Mendelssohn's "Magnificat" were given with an effect truly magnificent. After the official opening the visitors commenced an inspection of some of the art-treasures already exhibited, and especially of the paintings, furniture, silver-work, and bronze deposited in the "additional halls" before referred to. At night, when all the gas jets were lighted and the flags of all nations hung draped from the base of the arched crystal roof, the effect of the building and the exquisitely airy dome was truly magnificent; while the ceremony fitly concluded with a grand vocal and instrumental concert, held in the transept, although, like other buildings of the same kind, the Amsterdam Palace is unfitted for music, except when it is performed by very large bands.

The King of the Netherlands has conferred upon Dr. Sarphati, who has been not only the projector but the indefatigable counsellor to whom the success of the enterprise is due, the Order of the Netherlands' Lion, as a recognition of his exertions in securing this magnificent palace for the people of Amsterdam.

THE GARDENS OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

AMONGST the very few things which English self-esteem may admit they do really "manage better in France" must be included the outdoor amusements of the people. By outdoor amusements we do not, of course, mean open-air sports; but music, public gardens, and the unrestricted admission of the public to all places of resort, whether it be promenade, museum, or picture-gallery. To this is added a constant attention to picturesque detail which makes use of every opportunity for converting an otherwise barren and forbidding space of open ground into a pretty retreat, where music, and grass, and flowers may be enjoyed any evening at a stone's-throw from the streets. Indeed, the military bands—commencing with the morning parade and ending with the various regimental concerts in the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, and the rest of the gardens of Paris—make the city resonant with operatic airs every day, while, although street-music (so called) is at a discount, nobody has yet interfered with the open-air concerts in the Champs, Elysées.

For the real, undisguised pleasure of the people, however, no place can compare with the Luxembourg Gardens. There one may see the social meaning, at all events, of liberty, equality, and fraternity, in the more aristocratic occupants of the rush-bottomed chairs, in the blue-bloused workman, and his white-capped, buxom wife, inseparable from that highly-ornamental basket, which contains some ingredients for the *pot au feu*; in the red-legged braves; the neat, plump, peach-cheeked "bonnes"; the romping, laughing children; and the birds and pigeons, which fear no evil as they fly tamely hither and thither to pick up the crumbs, or, perhaps, to look out for their old acquaintance the "bird-tamer," of whom we gave a portrait in a previous Number. Even the student, who is on his way with an over-dressed partner to the ball at the Closerie de Lilas, feels something of interest in the peaceful pleasure of this beautiful garden. The palace and its picture-gallery, devoted to the productions of the living painters and sculptors of France, are a part of the pleasures to which earlier visitors are admitted, although the palace itself is the seat of the French Senate.

This superb building, which stands behind the Odeon Theatre, was completed in 1620 for Marie de Médicis, who was then Regent, in the style of her native city, Florence, the Pitti Palace having been taken as a model by Jacques de Broese, the architect, who, however, failed in the general effect by the massive appearance of the ornamental details. The centre and two wings, of which the palace consists, are connected by terraced arcades, which have undergone many alterations under successive Governments; for, although the Luxembourg maintains its name from the mansion of the Duke of Piney-Luxembourg, on the site of which it stands, it has, like all public buildings in Paris, undergone strange vicissitudes. During the Great Revolution it was used as a prison, as were most of the public buildings during that Reign of Terror; and it became successively the palace of the Directory, of the Consulate, and, as at present, of the Senate.

It was here that, in 1848, the "Commission of Labour" sat nearly three months, and endeavoured to establish national socialistic workshops to limit the hours of work. To the national workshops thousands of strangers flocked, and of the 115,000 labourers half only were Parisians, so that, as the "Commission" could not command a market, and paid those who had no work a franc a day, it soon required about a million a week to keep up the pay of the "Ateliers Nationaux."

We have already, in a former Number, given some description of the hall of the Senate, and the art-treasures of the museum are well matched by the statues which decorate the gardens—statues of the most illustrious women of France. There is one singularly illustrative statue at the southern entrance at the end of the Boulevard de Sébastopol—a cast-iron image of Ney, erected on the very spot where he was shot for high treason on the 7th of December, 1815, after having been found guilty by the Chamber of Peers sitting in the adjacent palace.

But, apart from this, the gardens are a pleasant retreat indeed. The orangery, the model beehive, and the soft hum of the bees and silver tinkle of women's and children's voices, all serve to enhance the charms of one of the most delightful lounges of the French capital.

FOLDING BOATS.—Captain Sayer, of Statenborough House, a magistrate for the county of Kent, has invented a very ingenious folding boat. It is capable of standing any weather that an ordinary ship's boat could do. The boat is 26 ft. 6 in. long, 5 ft. 8 in. wide, and constructed to carry forty-five persons, with whom it will sail or may be rowed well. On an emergency it would carry more. When folded up, the boat occupies less than four inches in depth. It is evident, therefore, that a sufficient number of such boats to carry 600 or 800 persons might be stowed in the space ordinarily occupied by one ship's boat. The folding boats may be built for £10, or at most for £15, each.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

THE TALLY SYSTEM.

PERHAPS not all of our readers know what is meant by the phrase which we have adopted as the title of this article. Yet there are probably few of us who, diverging from main thoroughfares into districts inhabited by the humbler classes, have not occasionally in the forenoon met with the tallyman. He is easily to be recognised by his large bundle, and his shouldered yoke-shaped stick. He travels from door to door; at one exhibiting his stock of dress patterns, at another receiving his weekly instalment in payment for goods previously supplied on credit. He is never to be seen about in his vocation before the time when artisans leave their homes for work, or during the hours when they return for the midday meal. His business is entirely with the wives of the operatives. His misdoings form the theme of popular ballads, and the subject of harrowing domestic dramas at the cheapest minor theatres. He is the most frequent of plaintiffs at the county courts, where upon every hearing-day a long list of causes may be found entered at his suit.

The tallyman, or, as he is ordinarily termed, "the Scotchman," is a travelling draper. His mode of doing business is calling upon wives in the humbler class and tempting them, by displays of finery and offers of credit, to become his customers. For a few pence, or it may be a shilling or two, weekly, he is ready to effect sales and to deliver his goods forthwith. From that moment the bland hawker becomes the inexorable creditor. If his instalments, of prices usually far beyond those of the ordinary shop-keeper, be not paid to the day, either his account must be increased by fresh purchases at still higher rates, or he becomes the terror of his debtor. When the unfortunate wife can no longer redeem her credit, the tallyman resorts to the county court. A summons is served, and most frequently the poor wife, hoping to the last, conceals the document from her husband. Then follows an execution. The household goods are swept off, the long-dreaded exposure and domestic quarrel come at last, and the honest man's thriving home is reduced to desolation. This is the tallyman's common everyday business. It is the sacred history of the Serpent, the Garden of Eden, and the Expulsion exemplified in modern humble life.

It was only last Session that Lord Chancellor Westbury conceived the idea of stopping the tallyman's practices by legislative innovation. Unfortunately, however, his Lordship, though by far the first Chancery lawyer of his day, is singularly impractical as a legislator. Witness his Bankruptcy Act, which has only rendered confusion worse confounded. As for his bill upon small debts: it was wisely withdrawn in deference to the overwhelming criticisms which the press poured out upon it. We showed at the time that its avowed object of defeating the tallyman could never have been fulfilled by its provisions.

There is really no need to alter the letter of the law, if the county-court Judges would respect its spirit only. The main principle of the law bearing upon the subject is this:—"A husband who supplies his wife with necessaries suitable to her position is not liable for debts contracted by her without his previous authority or subsequent sanction." This maxim has been warped in recent times by decisions that a husband who sees his wife wearing any article of attire is liable to pay for it. A still wider divergence is every day allowed by the county courts, which do not require evidence of the husband's knowledge of his wife's purchases. We will proceed to show that the latitude thus afforded to the tallyman is illegal and unjustifiable. In a modern case (*Lane v. Ironmonger*, 13 Mee. and Wel., 368) Chief Baron Pollock is reported to have thus stated the law:—"A wife cannot bind her husband by her contract, except as his agent. . . . The tradesman who supplies the goods takes the risk, and if the bill is one of an extravagant nature, such as the husband would never have authorised, that would be alone sufficient to repel the inference of agency." This doctrine was certainly excepted to before the bench of Judges; but the Court decided that, although extravagance alone might not repel proof of agency, this might be repelled by that and other circumstances together. The judgment was in favour of the husband.

Now, learned Judges of the county courts, pray study this case and the spirit of the law. In the first place, extravagance is not only provable by the purchase of costly goods, but by the purchase of goods on credit at high prices. Secondly, inquire into the circumstances of the sale. The tallyman visits the poor man's house at hours when he knows well that the husband is and must be absent. He uses persuasion; he brings goods to the door. Such goods cannot be held to be necessaries, or they would be sought by the purchaser, instead of being forced upon weak women by cajolery, persuasion, and artifice. We do not beseech you, in the words of Bassanio,

Wrest once the law to your authority;
To do a great right, do a little wrong;

although, if we did so, you could not reply,

'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state.

Not only right but precedent concur against the tallyman. The whole foundation of his claim is, as we have shown, based upon the presumption of the wife's agency and authority to pledge the husband's credit. Where the plaintiff can be proved to have carefully or even negligently avoided all personal communication with the husband and to have contracted purposely with the wife alone, he has not the slightest right to recover against the husband, except for the most obvious necessities of life disposed of by the wife's solicitation and in the ordinary course of trade common with poor people—namely, over the counter. Give a single judgment against a tallyman upon this plain, logical interpretation of common law, and let the plaintiff, if he dare, appeal against your decision. The result can only be to confirm the precedent which we have already quoted. There needs no new legislation upon the matter.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA gave birth to a son on Thursday at noon. Her Royal Highness and the infant Prince are doing well.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE, during her stay at Schwalbach, has received visits from the King of Prussia, the Queen of the Netherlands, the Duke of Nassau, and Princess William of Hesse.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE has been betrothed to the Grand Duchess Alexandrovna of Russia.

PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK is said to be betrothed, or on the eve of betrothal, to the Czarewich of Russia, and not to Prince Humbert of Italy, as formerly reported.

THE BETROTHAL of Princess Sophia, the only unmarried daughter of the King of Saxony, to Duke Charles Theodore, the brother of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, has taken place at Posenhofen.

MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS is gradually recovering. His Lordship is now at Exmouth, where he has obtained much benefit from the sea air.

MR. SPURGEON has announced his intention of withdrawing from the Evangelical Alliance.

ASTON PARK, BIRMINGHAM, has at length been definitively purchased for the use of the inhabitants.

THE GREAT BED OF WARE has been purchased for Mr. Charles Dickens for one hundred guineas.

GENERAL BAZAINE, the "pacifier" of Mexico, has, in consideration of his services in that country, been created a Marshal of France.

TRANQUILLITY is at length fully restored in Geneva, and M. Chenevierre has been officially sworn in before the Grand Council.

THE RACING STUD OF THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND will shortly be disposed of under the auctioneer's hammer.

A FEMALE GAVE BIRTH TO A CHILD the other day in a railway carriage while travelling from Abergavenny to Tredegar.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT, it is reported, intends shortly to recognise King George of Greece, regard having been paid to all family considerations towards Bavaria.

A NEW INSTRUMENT, a colossal horn, called the "aerophone," has been invented, which is played by steam instead of human breath.

AN ASSEMBLY of more than a thousand of the principal inhabitants of Bremen has just been held to propose the admission of that free town into the Zollverein. A committee was appointed to draw up a petition to that effect.

THE INSURRECTION in TUNIS still continues to maintain itself. There appears little chance of a compromise, and as little of a speedy suppression of the disturbances.

THE VINES OF THE HEGYALJA, IN HUNGARY, have suffered considerably from hail, and the present temperature leaves but little hope that the vintage this year will be of a nature to supply much of the celebrated Tokay wine.

THE GOVERNMENT OF PORTUGAL has been successful in its appeal to the country. The elections have been conducted with great order, and have given a large majority to the Ministry.

ONE OF THE VACANT GARTERS has been conferred upon the Marquis of Lansdowne. Lord Lovat will have the vacant ribbon of the Thistle. Lord Lismore will be the new Knight of St. Patrick.

THE SHIPS OF WAR charged to bring back the French troops composing the expeditionary army in Mexico have now left for their destination. They are nine in number, and are to be at Vera Cruz by the 20th of October. The embarkation will commence immediately after.

THE KING OF CAMBODIA has just decided on sending to France for their education a number of young men belonging to the first families of the country. Among them is a nephew of his own, who shows a strong feeling for the navy, and is to follow the studies at the French Naval School.

A FIGURE OF MERCURY, much resembling the so-called statue in the Vatican, but which has not suffered mutilation of its hand, comprises one of the most important acquisitions of the British Museum in the recent purchase of the Farnese Collection from the ex-King of Naples.

A BAPTISED JEW, a few days back, was brought before one of the tribunals of Vienna for judgment for having relapsed and returned to the creed of his forefathers. The tribunal decided that a conversion from one creed to another was not, as apostasy merely, punishable by law.

TWO MIDSHIPMEN, Beddington and Burns, of her Majesty's ship Gibraltar, are said to have deserted from Malta in a small pleasure-boat. An Assistant Paymaster of her Majesty's ship Marlborough and a Lieutenant of her Majesty's ship Meane are also said to be absent from their ships without leave.

THE STEAM-FRIGATE MAGENTA, of the Italian navy, is shortly to start on a voyage of circumnavigation of the globe. Professors Briochi, Sombardini, Sicchi, and Schiapparelli have been directed by the Royal Istituto Lombardo to draw up a list of scientific questions to be delivered to the captain of the corvette for his guidance.

THE PARIS *Charivari* publishes a woodcut representing the travelling vehicle of a quack doctor, in which a Jutlander is seated on the chair of operation, an Austrian behind turning a hand-organ, and a Prussian in front operating and exclaiming, "Allo! Grind on there, music! Louder, louder! He may bawl out as he likes! They will not hear him being operated on!"

THE GOVERNMENT has declined to interfere in the case of the steamer Georgia, seized off Lisbon by the Federal frigate Niagara. The case must go before the United States Prize Courts. In reference to the Georgia, the Foreign Office has issued a notice directing that, in future, no ship of war belonging to a belligerent "shall be allowed to enter or remain in any of her Majesty's ports for the purpose of being dismantled or sold."

LATOUR, the French murderer, has been executed at Foix, in presence of an immense crowd. No priest accompanied the wretched man to the scaffold, who preserved to the last a dogged, imperturbable demeanour. He sang in a loud voice just before his execution some verses composed by himself, and which he had adapted to the air of the "Marseillaise." He was decapitated while in the act of singing the first verse.

AT A RECENT SITTING OF THE HIGH COURT AT BERLIN, when the Poles accused of rebellious practices were on trial, the counsel for the accused read a letter from General Langiewicz, written at the fortress of Josephstadt, where he is a prisoner. The charge against the prisoners is founded upon the presumption that the insurrectionary movement in Poland was directed against Prussia as well as against Russia. The ex-dictator expressly declares that the movement was directed exclusively against Russia.

THE PARISIAN JOCKEY CLUB have, it is said, decided that the English custom of shaking hands is henceforth to be considered the correct thing; and furthermore, in order to protect ladies from the annoyance of having to return the bows of any man who may choose to take off his hat to them in public, the English fashion is to be adopted of ladies bowing first.

ARRIVAL OF MÜLLER.—Franz Müller, Inspector Tanner, Mr. Death, and the cabman arrived at Queenstown on Thursday night on board the Etna, and proceeded from thence to Liverpool.

A LIBERAL DONATION.—A gentleman anxious to hear a celebrated West-end preacher, found himself in such a crowd that to get a seat seemed impossible. He watched the pew-opener's eyes looking very inquiringly at the hands of the applicants for seats, and he thought to himself, "Oh oh, a fee is expected!" So taking out half-a-crown he held it most invitingly between his two fingers, and it was not long before it had the desired effect. He was quietly beckoned into a seat, whereupon he slipped a halfpenny into the woman's hand. Presently, when the singing commenced, he came bustling round to him with a hymn-book, whispering, as he handed it to him, "You made a mistake, Sir, you only gave me a half-penny." "All right," he answered, "I never give less."

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

HER Majesty when in Scotland always has one of her Chief Secretaries of State in attendance. Since the commencement of the vacation Sir George Grey has been the Chief Secretary of State in waiting. Now Earl Russell has relieved Sir George, to the great satisfaction of the latter, no doubt, for, after the hard work of the Session—and no member of the Government works so hard during the Session as Sir George—to have to wait upon her Majesty for six weeks at Balmoral, far away from home, must be a great bore. And think not, reader, that the Chief Secretary in Waiting has nothing to do but to wander about the hills, shoot grouse, and stalk deer. Every day, or, certainly, every other day, a messenger arrives with despatches from town. Many of these despatches have to be read by the Queen, and all by the Chief Secretary of State in Waiting, who must advise her Majesty thereon, and indite answers thereto, if answers be required. I have heard that there is no duty more disliked than that of waiting upon Majesty, which one can well understand. Some of our readers may be surprised to learn that the old custom of sending special messengers to Balmoral, or elsewhere, is still kept up. The mail travels as fast as the messengers. Indeed, they invariably travel by a mail-train. Why, then, cannot the despatches, it may be asked, be sent through the post, and the enormous cost of this special service of messengers be saved. Well, there are two answers to this question. First, the practice is established, and we all well know what that means. Governments rarely initiate changes. That a practice exists is considered to be a sufficient reason why it should continue. But, secondly, these messengers carry many things besides despatches. They are, I have heard, general carriers to the Court; meaning by Court all the gentlemen and ladies in attendance upon Majesty; and, of course, everything in charge of a messenger, from a packet of letters to a bonnet-box or gun case, is on her Majesty's service, and costs nothing for carriage. Thus a number of little interests have grown up round this antiquated custom and buttress it up. The carriage of a box of grouse from the Highlands, as many of us know, costs somewhere about seven shillings; and we can easily understand that, though lords and ladies in waiting are great swells, this privilege of sending parcels at the expense of the country is highly valued.

Mr. Henley has announced that he does not mean to retire from the representation of Oxfordshire at the next general election. I never thought he would. True, his health rather failed him last Session; but then he had a severe trial. His wife, to whom he had been married forty-seven years, died; and we can easily imagine that, to so domestic a man as Mr. Henley, this was an affliction hard to bear. He has, however, I hear, somewhat recovered from the blow, and, though he is seventy years old, his acute intellect shows no signs of failure; and, with his spare, sinewy frame and temperate habits, I think we may reasonably hope to have him in the House at least through another Parliament. Of all the Conservatives there is no man whom the House would be more loth to lose than Mr. Henley. There is work to be done which no man can do so well. His vocation is to detect faults in bills. He is as sagacious in hunting out a discrepancy in a bill as a lurcher dog is in hunting down a rabbit, and so honest that he would not spare a measure introduced by his closest friend if he thought it a bad one.

Lord Harry Vane has become Duke of Cleveland, and the Hon. George Waldegrave Leslie is likely to be the Liberal candidate for Hastings. Mr. Waldegrave Leslie is the godson of the eighth Earl Waldegrave and brother of the Bishop of Carlisle. He took the name of Leslie when he married (in 1861) Countess Rothes, Baroness Leslie, Leslie being the family name of that lady. He was secretary to the late Speaker (who, by marriage, is his uncle), and is now private secretary to Sir George Grey. The late Earl, Mr. Leslie's father, after the death of his first wife, married the widow of Edward Millward, Esq., of Hastings, now Dowager Countess Waldegrave, and hence Mr. Waldegrave Leslie's connection with Hastings. Moreover, he is, or was, the Colonel or Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hastings volunteers. Mr. Waldegrave Leslie's stepmother is a very charitable woman and is exceedingly popular; and I should suppose that Mr. Waldegrave Leslie, if he can make up his mind to stand a contest, will certainly win. He will be opposed, I hear, by Mr. Robertson, the old Conservative member. This gentleman resides at Hastings, and, of course, commands some local influence, but not nearly so much as Countess Waldegrave.

There is a rumour afloat that Mr. Mackinnon, M.P. for Rye and Winchelsea, is to be made a peer. The present generation of politicians knows little of Mr. Mackinnon; but twenty years ago his name was often before the public. It was he that first attacked the ancient custom of burying the dead in towns, and the smoke and Smithfield Market nuisances. He is an author, too; and, if I remember rightly, his works on "Public Opinion," and his "History of Civilisation," though almost forgotten now, made some stir when they were first published. Mr. Mackinnon once ranked as a Conservative; but gradually he grew out of Conservatism, and has long been a steady supporter of the Government. He is said to be enormously rich.

The Rye and Winchelsea boroughs will want a member if Mr. Mackinnon should go to the Upper House. Mr. Smith, of Springfield Lodge, used to hold the key to this door into Parliament; but I fancy that he has sold his property. It was in the market, I know, for a long time. His price was £100,000; and it was understood that a nearly certain seat for Rye, &c., went with the estate. Rye and Winchelsea have returned some notable men to Parliament. Before the Reform Bill they were two separate boroughs, and in 1806 the Duke of Wellington was member for one of them.

There is an old saying which recognises the possibility of "making a parson swear," and I think that curses must have risen up to many a parson's lips, if they did not escape through them, when said parsons read the atrocious article published in the *Saturday Review* on the late Dr. Marsh. Of all the questionable articles that have appeared in the *Saturday* this is the worst. It is an outrage upon common decency. Nor is it marked by any ability. Any vulgar scribbler might have written it. I knew Dr. Marsh, and I will venture to say that a better man never breathed than he. The *Saturday Review*, knowing nothing evidently of Dr. Marsh or his history, sneers at him as having been a hunter after preferment. This he was not. Not until he was seventy years old did he obtain the living of Beddington, worth about £1100 a year, and this was presented to him freely and without solicitation made by him. The *Saturday Review*, as Bright called it, and well has it earned the title, insinuates, without the slightest evidence, that Dr. Marsh, in an underhand way, bought the living and got it presented to himself. This is really too bad. But there is worse behind. Dr. Marsh when dying gave some good advice to the clergy, as a venerable patriarch of ninety might surely be permitted to do. This advice got into the papers, and, of course, the *Review* pounced upon it. It charges the excellent doctor with egotism, and then, floundering to a lower depth, sneers in its Me-phistophilian way at the grammar of the venerable doctor's dying exhortation. But I must give you the *Review*'s sneer exactly as it stands:—"When St. Francis Salis was canonised, an irreverent French wit said he was a very good man, only he used to cheat at cards. And so of Dr. Marsh, we can only regret that his grammar was not more accurate." Can you imagine anything in worse taste than this? The spirit which it displays is to my mind satanic. Nor is the English of the sentence unexceptionable.

Those of my readers who remember the few lines (so prosaically printed by the arrangers of the Royal Academy Catalogue) which Mr. Browning wrote for Mr. Leighton's fine painting of "Orpheus and Eurydice," in this year's exhibition, will probably have guessed that a friendship exists between the poet and the artist; for the fragment—a splinter from a gem—was evidently written *posely* for the picture. Mr. Leighton has recently left England for Italy in order to superintend the erection of a monument, from his own design, over the grave of the gifted poetess Mrs. Browning; and I have no doubt that his taste and artistic feeling have suggested a work worthy of her memory, and one that will give a sad satisfaction to the bereaved poet, whose loss, and whose grief at that

loss, can be to some degree estimated by the readers of his poetry. They will recall "One Word More" and other beautiful poems of the same class. I think the depth and intensity of domestic affection has never been so nobly and truthfully expressed as in some of them. I hope that we shall before long have an opportunity of judging of Mr. Leighton's design, but rather from a desire to have the pleasure of seeing it than from any doubts about its excellence, for which the deserved fame he has won by his works is an ample guarantee.

I heard an anecdote the other day about one of the Cape wars. The coloured chieftains and their followers were being strung up by dozens as a punishment for cowardly slaughter of women and children. One morning the Governor inquired of his secretary what number of Caffres were to be hanged on that particular day. "So many," replied the secretary, mentioning a large haul. "Indeed!" said the Governor; "why they'll be at it several hours! And yet," he continued, "I ordered increased accommodation for them. How many will the last gallows built hold at a time?" "Not more," answered the secretary, "than six comfortably!"

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The ST. JAMES'S has reopened with Mr. Arthur Sketchley's comedy; and Mr. Burnand's burlesque. "How Will They Get Out Of It?" improves on acquaintance, and, I think, the oftener it is seen the more the extreme ingenuity of the imbroglia forces itself on the attention. By-the-way, in the first act, why do not the ladies come down to breakfast in morning dresses? The sea-breeze should not be courted in a low frock and bare arms. Though London is out of town visitors to the stalls remark on these eccentricities.

The HAYMARKET opens on Monday with the "Castle of Andalusia," "Friend Waggle," and a "Kiss in the Dark." A new farce, by Mr. Maddison Morton, is said to be in rehearsal. On the 3rd of the next month Mdlle. Beatrice Lucchessini, of the Odéon and the Vaudeville, is to make her appearance in Alexandre Dumas' drama of "Mdlle. de Belle Isle." The names of Beatrice and Lucchessini are certainly Italian—then wherefore the Mdlle.? Then, again, the Odéon and the Vaudeville are French as claret. To add to the éclat of the new appearance the new version of "Mdlle. de Belle Isle" is from the pen of Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble—Alexandre Dumas, Beatrice Lucchessini, and Fanny Kemble! This is, indeed, piling up the historical tragedy, and the new appearance will be a great event. For my own part, I care not how many French actors and actresses come here, provided that some of our native artists go over to Paris—and stop there.

The theatrical event of the week was the benefit of Mr. Toole at the ADELPHI. After the first piece a new drama, by Mr. John Oxenford, called "Stephen Digges," was produced. Not thirty years ago Balzac wrote his wonderful novel of "Le Père Goriot." Paternal dotage and filial ingratitude are treated in that remarkable story as if the author had felt in his heart of hearts Lear's line of "Let them anatomise Regan!" Upon the same plan, with an entire difference of plot and incident, Mr. Oxenford has built an effective two-act drama, which was received on Wednesday with considerable applause. The author has exhibited his usual skill in softening and (so to speak) sweetening the details of the original work. The two daughters of Stephen Digges are weak and thoughtless. They are not like Father Goriot's, heartless and cruel. Love-stories may be told over and over again; they never weary the listener; but the tale of a fond father, who in his prodigal tenderness and careless bounty robs himself of all to feed the vanity of ungrateful children, is too old, and too painful for repetition. I will, therefore, only mention that Stephen Digges is a wealthy grocer, whose two daughters marry men of fashion; both the men of fashion and their wives wheedle "papa" and borrow of him till he becomes a pauper, when a son, long ago driven from his home by a stepmother, suddenly appears and rescues his father and his sisters from approaching penury.

In the drama of "Dot" Mr. Toole exhibited remarkable powers of domestic pathos; but even that gentleman's warmest admirers were not prepared for the singular refinement and delicacy of his performance of Stephen Digges. He was Lear unkinged, Lear keeping a shop; Lear loose of grammar, fatherly and fond, ready to die for his two daughters or to pawn his plate to supply their extravagance. In the last scene, where passion and indignation carried him to the confines of madness, he fairly took his auditors by surprise, and long and loud applause followed a fine "burst" of tragedy. Miss Woolgar, as usual, divided the honours of the evening, in the character—familiar in dramas of the domestic order—of a faithful, outspoken servant. The rest of the dramatis-personæ—sketches, rather than characters—were well played.

The new drama caused many tears to flow and much emotional excitement. It is full of interest, but of a somewhat disagreeable kind. An old man shivering in a garret, neglected by children he has enriched, shocks at the same time that it engages the sympathies.

Mr. Byron's burlesque of "The Babes in the Wood" concluded the performance. The babes, though laid for some time on the shelf, have lost none of their powers of attraction, and the revival was a pronounced success.

CONFEDERATE CRUISERS.—Intelligence has been received at Lloyd's, under date New York, Aug. 27, that two more Confederate cruisers had evaded the Federal war-steamer and successfully run out of the harbour of Wilmington, and since then had destroyed no less than thirty-three Federal merchantmen. The Tallahassee has eluded all the efforts of the Federal gun-boats to overhail her since she ran out of the harbour of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and on the 23rd of August destroyed no less than twenty-five Federal coasting ships and vessels on their homeward voyage from Europe, many laden with valuable cargoes. All this destruction was effected off the coast of the State of Maine. The Federal mercantile marine, and the coasting trade especially, is completely paralysed by these daring exploits of the Confederate cruisers. The Federal gun-boats have hitherto been foiled, as the commanders of the Confederate cruisers will not risk an engagement, their only object being the destruction of property, and not fighting.

THE DANO-GERMAN CONTROVERSY.—According to the German journals, the territorial question between Denmark and the German Powers is all but settled. The financial question, however, remains undecided, owing to the claims put forward by Austria and Prussia as to the distribution of the revenue of the Danish monarchy, especially with regard to the 30,000,000 rix-dalers which were paid for the redemption of the Sound dues. Austria has proposed as an equitable arrangement that the duchies should get that portion of the redemption money which Prussia has not yet paid. This proposal seems likely to be accepted both at Copenhagen and Berlin. It is stated that the German Powers have also demanded, on behalf of the duchies, a portion of the war matériel of Denmark and of its fleet. But this demand has met with an absolute refusal from the Danish Government, and it is not at all probable that it will be persevered in. It is said that the Prussian Chambers will be opened at Berlin in November, and that they will be called on to sanction the war expenditure, which amounts to 20,000,000 thalers for the army, and 10,000,000 for the fleet. This enormous outlay will absorb not only the surplus of the two previous years, which amounts to 10,000,000 thalers, but a large portion of the State treasures. It is further stated that on the ratification of peace Jutland and the duchies will be occupied by an army of 30,000 Prussians and an equal number of Austrians. A great demonstration, under the auspices of the "National Verein," is being prepared in favour of Duke Frederick of Augustenburg. A general assembly is to be held immediately in one of the towns of Thuringia, at which the right of the Duke to the throne of the duchies will be proclaimed.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—On Wednesday the annual meeting of the British Association, at Bath, was inaugurated by an able and long address from the eminent geologist Sir Charles Lyell. He spoke of the advantages of Bath as a central point of observation for his fellow-labourers in the science of the rocks, drew comparison between the springs of the pump-room in King Bladud's city and those of the ancients, and suggested that if, instead of running round their orifice, in time we should have a veritable solid matter without going all the way to Iceland for it. At the depth of seventy-four feet the water in the great Geyser was shown to be at rest at a temperature of 248 degrees Fahrenheit, or thirty-six degrees above boiling point; why, he asked, at a few thousand feet, might it not be, so to speak, at a white heat? But the force of the action of hot springs in the interior of the earth is incalculable. To it may be owing the upheaval of strata which, as evinced by one place upheaved 1360 feet above the sea level. The glacial period occupied a considerable portion of the distinguished president's address, which concluded with the expression of a belief that the present meeting would not be inferior in interest to any previous assemblage of the association.

SALMON-FISHING IN NORWAY.

WHILE energetic followers of Izaak Walton have been disappointed by the drought, or have gone [to further fishing-grounds in the Scottish lakes, or in Ireland, there to throw a fly for the "six pounders," more hardy sportsmen still have further opened up the Norwegian streams, to which a goodly number of British tourists, on salmon and trout intent, now go every season. Indeed, when so many places have been spoiled and altered to suit the exigencies of used-up tourists, it is delightful, even apart from a love of sport, to repair to a country where "loch, moor, and mountain," or rather where fjeld and fjord, retain their primitive beauty, and the people have not changed their honest simplicity.

A night's shelter in a stone hut on the mountains, with raw, smoked sheep's ham and coarse bread, with a bowl of milk for supper, is something like a change, and does a man good if he only have the fortitude to face such a probability, and he will get up in the morning in such bracing air, and with such a wild sweep of country before him, that he shall be able to eat a piece of bacon from his provision-box and wash it down with coffee made in his own camp kettle, by way of breakfast, before starting afresh on his journey.

But the roads are rough and wild, and the stations few and far between, so that those who mean to make an excursion into the country must carry their own provision, and be content even to camp out if occasion should arise, far even from a friendly "sæter," or mountain dairy, and the milk and barley-meal porridge and fladbrod (literally flat bread) of the simple peasant folk.

The uncertainty of travelling in Norway, however, and the inclemency of the weather during a rainy season, render it quite unnecessary to hesitate about seeking shelter in the first house that presents itself; and the Norwegian has not yet forgotten to be hospitable, while the honesty of the people is altogether unimpeachable. Whether fishing from the bank of one of the mountain streams or on a lake from a boat, there is splendid sport to be obtained in Norway. The style of rowing is certainly peculiar, but it is well adapted to the streams of the country. The boats are mostly flat-bottomed, low amidships, but rising high at stem and stern in a sharp curve, both being exactly similar. The rudder is curved to fit the stern, and is very narrow, but the want of width is compensated by the depth to which it descends into the water. In a transverse direction, through a hole in the top of it, is fixed one end of a flat piece of wood about a foot long, to the other end of which a stick of about a yard in length is attached by a couple of iron staples. This stick the coxswain holds under his arm, steering the boat by merely moving the stick longitudinally backwards and forwards. A regular trout-fishing expedition undertaken whether on the lakes beyond the Igne Fjord or the Hardanger affords an opportunity of witnessing splendid scenery, occurring in sudden glimpses between the great perpendicular cliffs on the passage down the fjords themselves, and of fine sport when the fishing-ground is reached. Several strong trawling-lines and a good supply of night-lines are the most useful description of tackle on which to depend for a supply of fish when the traveller does not give up his time to angling, but in either case he will be content to leave his line sometimes to take care of itself while he gazes at the high rocks that tower upwards from the green water, their precipices lighted up by the glow of sunset, or thrown into profound shadow on the more westerly side. For scenery the mountain lakes are in most cases superior to the fjords, the banks of which are generally rather gloomy and monotonous. Nothing can surpass some of the mountain torrents, where, beyond a belt of pines and amidst a thicket of birch or larch trees, the rocks echo the plashing of the stream. Here the real sportsman may find good opportunity to cast his fly unvexed by the tribe of tourists, although he must remember that most of the fishing even in this wild country is preserved, and he must be certain either to obtain permission or to find a spot where he will not be accused of poaching.

No wonder that Prince Alfred, during his Norwegian cruise, has been to Alten to the fishing quarters of the Duke of Roxburgh, though these are situated rather in Norwegian Lapland than in Norway proper.

The proprietorship of the Alten is peculiarly constituted, differing from that of any other river in the country, being vested in the hands of a company of one hundred members, all, with the exception of a few Norwegians, chosen out of a tribe of Quäns, who, originally emigrating from Finland, settled on the banks, driving out the Laps, the weaker race, while they in their turn are being supplanted by the hardy Norseman. To these Quäns, as they are called, the possession of the river and exclusive right of fishing, which in former days was very considerable, was granted by Royal charter when Norway was under the dominion of the Danes.

When the weather is hot, the salmon are best wooed and won during the comparatively cooler hours of the night. Nothing can be more enjoyable than one of these fine Arctic nights. The wild solitude, the stillness of the air, unbroken by any sound save the murmur of the water at your feet, the splash of the salmon, or it may be, the lowing of the cows, with their tinkling bells, from the distant "sæter," all add to the charm of the scene and enhance the enjoyment; and, to descend from the ideal to the real, when you have hooked and killed your salmon, go to land and roast him on the quick pine-wood fire, and with a piece of birch bark for your plate, you have a repast fit for a queen. Who can describe the exquisite flavour of that fish? Who can paint the colour of those creamy flakes, white as the driven snow? But the Alten, like everything else, has its *amari aliquid*, which is here found in the myriads of mosquitoes, which amount to a positive pest to both man and beast. Whenever you are fishing you may observe the fires which the peasants light in the neighbourhood of every "sæter," and there you will always find the cattle congregated, seeking the friendly shelter of the smoke to avoid their incessant tormentors.

The scenery in the upper part of the fishing is very wild and grand, as the river, cleaving its way through the solid rocks, makes magnificent gorges, which, with the overhanging precipices above and the massive boulders and foaming rapids below, have a very fine effect. To shoot these rapids is a work requiring the nicest skill, not unattended with some risk, and the way the Quäns steer down them is a sight to see. A mistake is fatal, as the boat would be dashed to pieces against the rocks, and in this way two Laps lost their lives two years ago. In ascending the river the boats are pushed up with poles, or, as it is called in Norwegian, *stagt*, as it would be impossible to row them against the stream.

Whatever may be the advantages of the Alten, however, the tourist who would see Norway must make up his mind to camp out amidst the lakes and mountains, and can scarcely confine his attention to angling. There are other fish besides salmon; and there are reindeer, and willow-grouse, and all sorts of game; but he who would enjoy a week or two of real sport must be hardy, and contented to carry clothes, and bedding, and cooking utensils, and even provisions, and to do with the smallest possible quantity of either. He would do well, too, to read Mr. Galton's "Art of Travel," about which we have already had a gossip in these columns, and to glance through the pages of the "Vacation Tourist."

For thoroughly to enjoy the fjelds, and the fjords, and the lakes, it will be necessary to provide against a good many contingencies; and, as equipment for two or three travellers, there should be included a small tent, an iron cooking-pot, a tin kettle, and some cups, knives, and plates, guns, gunpowder, a waterproof sheet, a rug or two, a quantity of tea and coffee, salt and sugar, three or four blankets, and a change of shoes and woollen under-clothes. Thus equipped, the voyager may enjoy capital sport, amongst which, however, salmon-fishing will not be the least attractive.

BLAIR ATHOL won the great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster on Wednesday, beating General Peel, Cambricus, and all competitors with great ease. The race was run amid a perfect deluge of rain. Blair Athol is the only horse that has won both the Derby and the St. Leger the same year since 1853, when the feat was achieved by West Australian.

country. The dome, which is of oval shape, is admirably constructed, and has an appearance of such wonderful lightness that it scarcely seems to form a part of the main building. It is surmounted with a very effective figure representing Victory, and is lighted at night by two rows of gas jets which are placed within it, while all round the gallery extend two other parallel rows, at a distance of about 20 ft. from each other, the whole amounting to 6000 jets. At the eastern end of the transept is an orchestra, affording accommodation for a choir of 400 persons, while on each side two additional halls, each 150 ft. in length, 34 ft. in breadth, and 57 ft. in height, are intended for miscellaneous purposes. The rest of the building is devoted to a series of vestibules, refreshment-rooms, and cellars, admirably adapted to the purposes for which they have been constructed. At present the larger part of the grounds are covered with ugly buildings and temporary erections, which afford a sufficiently hideous contrast to the splendid palace to which they act as a disagreeable foil. A peep at the official plans, however, will show that the grounds of the Dutch Crystal Palace will be ultimately laid out with an exquisite taste which will place them amongst the most attractive of European gardens. This will, doubtless, be a work of time, but the Hollanders are patient and can and do wait for results, their slow progress being rewarded by that sort of perfection which comes with time. The Amsterdam Exhibition itself was commenced in 1858, and the consequence is that it displays a degree of perfection and finish which are the admiration of very competent judges. The whole work has been effected by a joint-stock company, the directors of which received no assistance whatever from the Government. The original capital was a million, which was ultimately increased to a million and a half of guilders (£125,000); and, notwithstanding innumerable difficulties in carrying out their plans, they have surmounted every hindrance and arrived at a most satisfactory result.

The building was officially opened under the presidency of the venerable Prince Frederic of the Netherlands, and in the presence of about 7000 spectators. An appropriately-ornamented raised dais was erected in the nave for the reception of the authorities, Royal, directorial, and municipal; and after several preliminary addresses and rejoinders in the usual official style, but which were almost inaudible to the ordinary visitors, Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" and Mendelssohn's "Magnificat" were given with an effect truly magnificent. After the official opening the visitors commenced an inspection of some of the art-treasures already exhibited, and especially of the paintings, furniture, silver-work, and bronze deposited in the "additional halls" before referred to. At night, when all the gas jets were lighted and the flags of all nations hung draped from the base of the arched crystal roof, the effect of the building and the exquisitely airy dome was truly magnificent; while the ceremony fitly concluded with a grand vocal and instrumental concert, held in the transept, although, like other buildings of the same kind, the Amsterdam Palace is unfitted for music, except when it is performed by very large bands.

The King of the Netherlands has conferred upon Dr. Sarphati, who has been not only the projector but the indefatigable counsellor to whom the success of the enterprise is due, the Order of the Netherlands' Lion, as a recognition of his exertions in securing this magnificent palace for the people of Amsterdam.

THE GARDENS OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

AMONGST the very few things which English self-esteem may admit they do really "manage better in France" must be included the outdoor amusements of the people. By outdoor amusements we do not, of course, mean open-air sports; but music, public gardens, and the unrestricted admission of the public to all places of resort, whether it be promenade, museum, or picture-gallery. To this is added a constant attention to picturesque detail which makes use of every opportunity for converting an otherwise barren and forbidding space of open ground into a pretty retreat, where music, and grass, and flowers may be enjoyed any evening at a stone's-throw from the streets. Indeed, the military bands—commencing with the morning parade and ending with the various regimental concerts in the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, and the rest of the gardens of Paris—make the city resonant with operatic airs every day, while, although street-music (so called) is at a discount nobody has yet interfered with the open-air concerts in the Champs, Elysées.

For the real, undisguised pleasure of the people, however, no place can compare with the Luxembourg Gardens. There one may see the social meaning, at all events, of liberty, equality, and fraternity, in the more aristocratic occupants of the rush-bottomed chairs, in the blue-bloused workman, and his white-capped, buxom wife, inseparable from that highly-ornamental basket, which contains some ingredients for the *pot au feu*; in the red-legged *braves*; the neat, plump, peach-cheeked "bonnes"; the romping, laughing children; and the birds and pigeons, which fear no evil as they fly tamely hither and thither to pick up the crumbs, or, perhaps, to look out for their old acquaintance the "bird-tamer," of whom we gave a portrait in a previous Number. Even the student, who is on his way with an over-dressed partner to the ball at the Closerie de Lilas, feels something of interest in the peaceful pleasure of this beautiful garden. The palace and its picture-gallery, devoted to the productions of the living painters and sculptors of France, are a part of the pleasures to which earlier visitors are admitted, although the palace itself is the seat of the French Senate.

This superb building, which stands behind the Odeon Theatre, was completed in 1620 for Marie de Médicis, who was then Regent, in the style of her native city, Florence, the Pitti Palace having been taken as a model by Jacques de Broese, the architect, who, however, failed in the general effect by the massive appearance of the ornamental details. The centre and two wings, of which the palace consists, are connected by terraced arcades, which have undergone many alterations under successive Governments; for, although the Luxembourg maintains its name from the mansion of the Duke of Pincé-Luxembourg, on the site of which it stands, it has, like all public buildings in Paris, undergone strange vicissitudes. During the Great Revolution it was used as a prison, as were most of the public buildings during that Reign of Terror; and it became successively the palace of the Directory, of the Consulate, and, as at present, of the Senate.

It was here that, in 1848, the "Commission of Labour" sat nearly three months, and endeavoured to establish national socialistic workshops to limit the hours of work. To the national workshops thousands of strangers flocked, and of the 115,000 labourers half only were Parisians, so that, as the "Commission" could not command a market, and paid those who had no work a franc a day, it soon required about a million a week to keep up the pay of the "Ateliers Nationaux."

We have already, in a former Number, given some description of the hall of the Senate, and the art-treasures of the museum are well matched by the statues which decorate the gardens—statues of the most illustrious women of France. There is one singularly illustrative statue at the southern entrance at the end of the Boulevard de Sébastopol—a cast-iron image of Ney, erected on the very spot where he was shot for high treason on the 7th of December, 1815, after having been found guilty by the Chamber of Peers sitting in the adjacent palace.

But, apart from this, the gardens are a pleasant retreat indeed. The orangery, the model beehive, and the soft hum of the bees and silver tinkle of women's and children's voices, all serve to enhance the charms of one of the most delightful lounges of the French capital.

FOLDING BOATS.—Captain Sayer, of Statenborough House, a magistrate for the county of Kent, has invented a very ingenious folding boat. It is capable of standing any weather that an ordinary ship's boat could do. The boat is 26 ft. 6 in. long, 5 ft. 8 in. wide, and constructed to carry forty-five persons, with whom it will sail or may be rowed well. On an emergency it would carry more. When folded up, the boat occupies less than four inches in depth. It is evident, therefore, that a sufficient number of such boats to carry 600 or 800 persons might be stowed in the space ordinarily occupied by one ship's boat. The folding boats may be built for £10, or at most for £15, each.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

THE TALLY SYSTEM.

PERHAPS not all of our readers know what is meant by the phrase which we have adopted as the title of this article. Yet there are probably few of us who, diverging from main thoroughfares into districts inhabited by the humbler classes, have not occasionally in the forenoon met with the tallyman. He is easily to be recognised by his large bundle, and his shouldered yoke-shaped stick. He travels from door to door; at one exhibiting his stock of dress patterns, at another receiving his weekly instalment in payment for goods previously supplied on credit. He is never to be seen about in his vocation before the time when artisans leave their homes for work, or during the hours when they return for the midday meal. His business is entirely with the wives of the operatives. His misdoings form the theme of popular ballads, and the subject of harrowing domestic dramas at the cheapest minor theatres. He is the most frequent of plaintiffs at the county courts, where upon every hearing-day a long list of causes may be found entered at his suit.

The tallyman, or, as he is ordinarily termed, "the Scotchman," is a travelling draper. His mode of doing business is calling upon wives in the humbler class and tempting them, by displays of finery and offers of credit, to become his customers. For a few pence, or it may be a shilling or two, weekly, he is ready to effect sales and to deliver his goods forthwith. From that moment the bland hawker becomes the inexorable creditor. If his instalments, of prices usually far beyond those of the ordinary shop-keeper, be not paid to the day, either his account must be increased by fresh purchases at still higher rates, or he becomes the terror of his debtor. When the unfortunate wife can no longer redeem her credit, the tallyman resorts to the county court. A summons is served, and most frequently the poor wife, hoping to the last, conceals the document from her husband. Then follows an execution. The household goods are swept off, the long-dreaded exposure and domestic quarrel come at last, and the honest man's thriving home is reduced to desolation. This is the tallyman's common everyday business. It is the sacred history of the Serpent, the Garden of Eden, and the Expulsion exemplified in modern humble life.

It was only last Session that Lord Chancellor Westbury conceived the idea of stopping the tallyman's practices by legislative innovation. Unfortunately, however, his Lordship, though by far the first Chancery lawyer of his day, is singularly impractical as a legislator. Witness his Bankruptcy Act, which has only rendered confusion worse confounded. As for his bill upon small debts: it was wisely withdrawn in deference to the overwhelming criticisms which the press poured out upon it. We showed at the time that its avowed object of defeating the tallyman could never have been fulfilled by its provisions.

There is really no need to alter the letter of the law, if the county-court Judges would respect its spirit only. The main principle of the law bearing upon the subject is this:—"A husband who supplies his wife with necessaries suitable to her position is not liable for debts contracted by her without his previous authority or subsequent sanction." This maxim has been warped in recent times by decisions that a husband who sees his wife wearing any article of attire is liable to pay for it. A still wider divergence is every day allowed by the county courts, which do not require evidence of the husband's knowledge of his wife's purchases. We will proceed to show that the latitude thus afforded to the tallyman is illegal and unjustifiable. In a modern case (*Lane v. Ironmonger*, 13 Mee. and Wel., 368) Chief Baron Pollock is reported to have thus stated the law:—"A wife cannot bind her husband by her contract, except as his agent. . . . The tradesman who supplies the goods takes the risk, and if the bill is one of an extravagant nature, such as the husband would never have authorised, that would be alone sufficient to repel the inference of agency." This doctrine was certainly excepted to before the bench of Judges; but the Court decided that, although extravagance alone might not repel proof of agency, this might be repelled by that and other circumstances together. The judgment was in favour of the husband.

Now, learned Judges of the county courts, pray study this case and the spirit of the law. In the first place, extravagance is not only provable by the purchase of costly goods, but by the purchase of goods on credit at high prices. Secondly, inquire into the circumstances of the sale. The tallyman visits the poor man's house at hours when he knows well that the husband is and must be absent. He uses persuasion; he brings goods to the door. Such goods cannot be held to be necessaries, or they would be sought by the purchaser, instead of being forced upon weak women by cajolery, persuasion, and artifice. We do not beseech you, in the words of Bassanio,

Wrest once the law to your authority;
To do a great right, do a little wrong;

although, if we did so, you could not reply,

"Will be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state."

Not only right but precedent concur against the tallyman. The whole foundation of his claim is, as we have shown, based upon the presumption of the wife's agency and authority to pledge the husband's credit. Where the plaintiff can be proved to have carefully or even negligently avoided all personal communication with the husband and to have contracted purposely with the wife alone, he has not the slightest right to recover against the husband, except for the most obvious necessities of life disposed of by the wife's solicitation and in the ordinary course of trade common with poor people—namely, over the counter. Give a single judgment against a tallyman upon this plain, logical interpretation of common law, and let the plaintiff, if he dare, appeal against your decision. The result can only be to confirm the precedent which we have already quoted. There needs no new legislation upon the matter.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA gave birth to a son on Thursday at noon. Her Royal Highness and the infant Prince are doing well.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE, during her stay at Schwabach, has received visits from the King of Prussia, the Queen of the Netherlands, the Duke of Nassau, and Princess William of Hesse.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE has been betrothed to the Grand Duchess Alexandrowna of Russia.

PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK is said to be betrothed, or on the eve of betrothal, to the Czarewich of Russia, and not to Prince Humbert of Italy, as formerly reported.

THE BETROTHAL of Princess Sophia, the only unmarried daughter of the King of Saxony, to Duke Charles Theodore, the brother of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, has taken place at Posenhofen.

MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS is gradually recovering. His Lordship is now at Exmouth, where he has obtained much benefit from the sea air.

MR. SPURGEON has announced his intention of withdrawing from the Evangelical Alliance.

ASTON PARK, BIRMINGHAM, has at length been definitively purchased for the use of the inhabitants.

THE GREAT BED OF WARE has been purchased for Mr. Charles Dickens for one hundred guineas.

GENERAL BAZAINE, the "pacifator" of Mexico, has, in consideration of his services in that country, been created a Marshal of France.

TRANQUILLITY is at length fully restored in Geneva, and M. Chenevierre has been officially sworn in before the Grand Council.

THE RACING STUD OF THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND will shortly be disposed of under the auctioneer's hammer.

A FEMALE GAVE BIRTH TO A CHILD the other day in a railway carriage while travelling from Abergavenny to Tredegar.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT, it is reported, intends shortly to recognise King George of Greece, regard having been paid to all family considerations towards Bavaria.

A NEW INSTRUMENT, a colossal horn, called the "aerophone," has been invented, which is played by steam instead of human breath.

AN ASSEMBLY of more than a thousand of the principal inhabitants of Bremen has just been held to propose the admission of that free town into the Zollverein. A committee was appointed to draw up a petition to that effect.

THE INSURRECTION IN TUNIS still continues to maintain itself. There appears little chance of a compromise, and as little of a speedy suppression of the disturbances.

THE VINES OF THE HEGYALJA, IN HUNGARY, have suffered considerably from hail, and the present temperature leaves but little hope that the vintage this year will be of a nature to supply much of the celebrated Tokay wine.

THE GOVERNMENT OF PORTUGAL has been successful in its appeal to the country. The elections have been conducted with great order, and have given a large majority to the Ministry.

ONE OF THE VACANT GARTERS has been conferred upon the Marquis of Landowne. Lord Lovat will have the vacant ribbon of the Thistle. Lord Lismore will be the new Knight of St. Patrick.

THE SHIPS OF WAR charged to bring back the French troops composing the expeditionary army in Mexico have now left for their destination. They are nine in number, and are to be at Vera Cruz by the 20th of October. The embarkation will commence immediately after.

THE KING OF CAMBODIA has just decided on sending to France for their education a number of young men belonging to the first families of the country. Among them is a nephew of his own, who shows a strong feeling for the navy, and is to follow the studies at the French Naval School.

A FIGURE OF MERCURY, much resembling the so-called statue in the Vatican, but which has not suffered mutilation of its hand, comprises one of the most important acquisitions of the British Museum in the recent purchase of the Farnese Collection from the ex-King of Naples.

A BAPTISED JEW, a few days back, was brought before one of the tribunals of Vienna for judgment for having relapsed and returned to the creed of his forefathers. The tribunal decided that a conversion from one creed to another was not, as apostasy merely, punishable by law.

TWO MIDSHIPMEN, Beddington and Burns, of her Majesty's ship Gibraltar, are said to have deserted from Malta in a small pleasure-boat. An Assistant Paymaster of her Majesty's ship Marlborough and a Lieutenant of her Majesty's ship Meane are also said to be absent from their ships without leave.

THE STEAM-FRIGATE MAGENTA, of the Italian navy, is shortly to start on a voyage of circumnavigation of the globe. Professors Brioschi, Sombardini, Sicchi, and Schiapparelli have been directed by the Royal Instituto Lombardo to draw up a list of scientific questions to be delivered to the captain of the corvette for his guidance.

THE PARIS *Charivari* publishes a woodcut representing the travelling vehicle of a quack doctor, in which a Jutlander is seated on the chair of operation, an Austrian behind turning a hand-organ, and a Prussian in front operating and exclaiming, "Allo! Grind on there, music! Louder, louder! He may bawl out as he likes! They will not hear him being operated on!"

THE GOVERNMENT has declined to interfere in the case of the steamer Georgia, seized off Lisbon by the Federal frigate Niagara. The case must go before the United States Prize Courts. In reference to the Georgia, the Foreign Office has issued a notice directing that, in future, no ship of war belonging to a belligerent "shall be allowed to enter or remain" in any of her Majesty's ports for the purpose of being dismantled or sold.

LATOUR, the French murderer, has been executed at Foix, in presence of an immense crowd. No priest accompanied the wretched man to the scaffold, who preserved to the last a dogged, imperturbable demeanour. He sang in a loud voice just before his execution some verses composed by himself, and which he had adapted to the air of the "Marseillaise." He was decapitated while in the act of singing one of his verses.

AT A RECENT SITTING OF THE HIGH COURT AT BERLIN, when the Poles accused of rebellious practices were on trial, the counsel for the accused read a letter from General Langiewicz, written at the fortress of Josephstadt, where he is a prisoner. The charge against the prisoners is founded upon the presumption that the insurrectionary movement in Poland was directed against Prussia as well as against Russia. The ex-dictator expressly declares that the movement was directed exclusively against Russia.

THE PARISIAN JOCKEY CLUB have, it is said, decided that the English custom of shaking hands is henceforth to be considered the correct thing; and furthermore, in order to protect ladies from the annoyance of having to return the bows of any man who may choose to take off his hat to them in public, the English fashion is to be adopted of ladies bowing first.

ARRIVAL OF MÜLLER.—Frans Müller, Inspector Tanner, Mr. Death, and the cabman arrived at Queenstown on Thursday night on board the Etna, and proceeded from thence to Liverpool.

A LIBERAL DONATION.—A gentleman anxious to hear a celebrated West-end preacher, found himself in such a crowd that to get a seat seemed impossible. He watched the pew-opener's eyes looking very inquiringly at the hands of the applicants for seats, and he thought to himself, "Oh oh, a fee is expected!" So taking out half-a-crown he held it most invitingly between his two fingers, and it was not long before it had the desired effect. He was quietly beckoned into a seat, whereupon he slipped a halfpenny into the woman's hand. Presently, when the singing commenced, she came bustling round to him with a hymn-book, whispering, as he handed it to him, "You made a mistake, Sir, you only gave me a halfpenny." "All right," he answered, "I never give less."

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

HER Majesty when in Scotland always has one of her Chief Secretaries of State in attendance. Since the commencement of the vacation Sir George Grey has been the Chief Secretary of State in waiting. Now Earl Russell has relieved Sir George, to the great satisfaction of the latter, no doubt, for, after the hard work of the Session—and no member of the Government works so hard during the Session as Sir George—to have to wait upon her Majesty for six weeks at Balmoral, far away from home, must be a great bore. And think not, reader, that the Chief Secretary in Waiting has nothing to do but to wander about the hills, shoot grouse, and stalk deer. Every day, or, certainly, every other day, a messenger arrives with despatches from town. Many of these despatches have to be read by the Queen, and all by the Chief Secretary of State in Waiting, who must advise her Majesty thereon, and indite answers thereto, if answers be required. I have heard that there is no duty more disliked than that of waiting upon Majesty, which one can well understand. Some of our readers may be surprised to learn that the old custom of sending special messengers to Balmoral, or elsewhere, is still kept up. The mail travels as fast as the messengers. Indeed, they invariably travel by a mail-train. Why, then, cannot the despatches, it may be asked, be sent through the post, and the enormous cost of this special service of messengers be saved. Well, there are two answers to this question. First, the practice is established, and we all well know what that means. Governments rarely initiate changes. That a practice exists is considered to be a sufficient reason why it should continue. But, secondly, these messengers carry many things besides despatches. They are, I have heard, general carriers to the Court; meaning by Court all the gentlemen and ladies in attendance upon Majesty; and, of course, everything in charge of a messenger, from a packet of letters to a bonnet-box or gun case, is on her Majesty's service, and costs nothing for carriage. Thus a number of little interests have grown up round this antiquated custom and buttress it up. The carriage of a box of grouse from the Highlands, as many of us know, costs somewhere about seven shillings; and we can easily understand that, though lords and ladies in waiting are great swells, this privilege of sending parcels at the expense of the country is highly valued.

Mr. Henley has announced that he does not mean to retire from the representation of Oxfordshire at the next general election. I never thought he would. True, his health rather failed him last Session; but then he had a severe trial. His wife, to whom he had been married forty-seven years, died; and we can easily imagine that, to so domestic a man as Mr. Henley, this was an affliction hard to bear. He has, however, I hear, somewhat recovered from the blow, and, though he is seventy years old, his acute intellect shows no signs of failure; and, with his spare, sinewy frame and temperate habits, I think we may reasonably hope to have him in the House at least through another Parliament. Of all the Conservatives there is no man whom the House would be more loth to lose than Mr. Henley. There is work to be done which no man can do so well. His vocation is to detect faults in bills. He is as sagacious in hunting out a discrepancy in a bill as a lurcher dog is in hunting down a rabbit, and so honest that he would not spare a measure introduced by his closest friend if he thought it a bad one.

Lord Harry Vane has become Duke of Cleveland, and the Hon. George Waldegrave Leslie is likely to be the Liberal candidate for Hastings. Mr. Waldegrave Leslie is the godson of the eighth Earl Waldegrave and brother of the Bishop of Carlisle. He took the name of Leslie when he married (in 1861) Countess Rothes, Baroness Leslie, Leslie being the family name of that lady. He was secretary to the late Speaker (who, by marriage, is his uncle), and is now private secretary to Sir George Grey. The late Earl, Mr. Leslie's father, after the death of his first wife, married the widow of Edward Millward, Esq., of Hastings, now Dowager Countess Waldegrave, and hence Mr. Waldegrave Leslie's connection with Hastings. Moreover, he is, or was, the Colonel or Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hastings volunteers. Mr. Waldegrave Leslie's step-mother is a very charitable woman and is exceedingly popular; and I should suppose that Mr. Waldegrave Leslie, if he can make up his mind to stand a contest, will certainly win. He will be opposed, I hear, by Mr. Robertson, the old Conservative member. This gentleman resides at Hastings, and, of course, commands some local influence, but not nearly so much as Countess Waldegrave.

There is a rumour afloat that Mr. Mackinnon, M.P. for Rye and Winchelsea, is to be made a peer. The present generation of politicians knows little of Mr. Mackinnon; but twenty years ago his name was often before the public. It was he that first attacked the ancient custom of burying the dead in towns, and the smoke and Smithfield Market nuisances. He is an author, too; and, if I remember rightly, his works on "Public Opinion," and his "History of Civilisation," though almost forgotten now, made some stir when they were first published. Mr. Mackinnon once ranked as a Conservative; but gradually he grew out of Conservatism, and has long been a steady supporter of the Government. He is said to be enormously rich.

The Rye and Winchelsea boroughs will want a member if Mr. Mackinnon should go to the Upper House. Mr. Smith, of Springfield Lodge, used to hold the key to this door into Parliament; but I fancy that he has sold his property. It was in the market, I know, for a long time. His price was £100,000; and it was understood that a nearly certain seat for Rye, &c., went with the estate. Rye and Winchelsea have returned some notable men to Parliament. Before the Reform Bill they were two separate boroughs, and in 1806 the Duke of Wellington was member for one of them.

There is an old saying which recognises the possibility of "making a parson swear," and I think that curses must have risen up to many a parson's lips, if they did not escape through them, when said parsons read the atrocious article published in the *Saturday Review* on the late Dr. Marsh. Of all the questionable articles that have appeared in the *Saturday* this is the worst. It is an outrage upon common decency. Nor is it marked by any ability. Any vulgar scribbler might have written it. I knew Dr. Marsh, and I will venture to say that a better man never breathed than he. The *Saturday Review*, knowing nothing evidently of Dr. Marsh or his history, sneers at him as having been a hunter after preferment. This he was not. Not until he was seventy years old did he obtain the living of Beddington, worth about £1100 a year, and this was presented to him freely and without solicitation made by him. The *Saturday Review*, as Bright called it, and well has it earned the title, insinuates, without the slightest evidence, that Dr. Marsh, in an underhand way, bought the living and got it presented to himself. This is really too bad. But there is worse behind. Dr. Marsh when dying gave some good advice to the clergy, as a venerable patriarch of ninety might surely be permitted to do. This advice got into the papers, and, of course, the *Review* pounced upon it. It charges the excellent doctor with egotism, and then, floundering to a lower depth, sneers in its Meiphophilian way at the grammar of the venerable doctor's dying exhortation. But I must give you the *Review*'s sneer exactly as it stands:—"When St. Francis Salis was canonised, an irreverent French wit said he was a very good man, only he used to cheat at cards. And so of Dr. Marsh, we can only regret that his grammar was not more accurate." Can you imagine anything in worse taste than this? The spirit which it displays is to my mind satanic. Nor is the English of the sentence unexceptionable.

Those of my readers who remember the few lines (so prosaically printed by the arrangers of the Royal Academy Catalogue) which Mr. Browning wrote for Mr. Leighton's fine painting of "Orpheus and Eurydice," in this year's exhibition, will probably have guessed that a friendship exists between the poet and the artist; for the fragment—a splinter from a gem—was evidently written up solely for the picture. Mr. Leighton has recently left England for Italy in order to superintend the erection of a monument, from his own design, over the grave of the gifted poetess Mrs. Browning; and I have no doubt that his taste and artistic feeling have suggested a work worthy of her memory, and one that will give a sad satisfaction to the bereaved poet, whose loss, and whose grief at that

loss, can be to some degree estimated by the readers of his poetry. They will recall "One Word More" and other beautiful poems of the same class. I think the depth and intensity of domestic affection has never been so nobly and truthfully expressed as in some of them. I hope that we shall before long have an opportunity of judging of Mr. Leighton's design, but rather from a desire to have the pleasure of seeing it than from any doubts about its excellence, for which the deserved fame he has won by his works is an ample guarantee.

I heard an anecdote the other day about one of the Cape wars. The coloured chieftains and their followers were being strung up by dozens as a punishment for cowardly slaughter of women and children. One morning the Governor inquired of his secretary what number of Caffres were to be hanged on that particular day. "So many," replied the secretary, mentioning a large haul. "Indeed!" said the Governor; "why they'll be at it several hours! And yet," he continued, "I ordered increased accommodation for them. How many will the last gallows built hold at a time?" "Not more," answered the secretary, "than six comfortably!"

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The ST. JAMES'S has reopened with Mr. Arthur Sketchley's comedy; and Mr. Burnand's burlesque. "How Will They Get Out Of It?" improves on acquaintance, and, I think, the oftener it is seen the more the extreme ingenuity of the imbroglia forces itself on the attention. By-the-way, in the first act, why do not the ladies come down to breakfast in morning dresses? The sea-breeze should not be courted in a low frock and bare arms. Though London is out of town visitors to the stalls remark on these eccentricities.

The HAYMARKET opens on Monday with the "Castle of Andalusia," "Friend Waggles," and a "Kiss in the Dark." A new farce, by Mr. Maddison Morton, is said to be in rehearsal. On the 3rd of the next month Mlle. Beatrice Lucchessini, of the Odéon and the Vaudeville, is to make her appearance in Alexandre Dumas' drama of "Mlle. de Belle Isle." The names of Beatrice and Lucchessini are certainly Italian—then wherefore the Mlle.? Then, again, the Odéon and the Vaudeville are French as claret. To add to the éclat of the new appearance the new version of "Mlle. de Belle Isle" is from the pen of Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble—Alexandre Dumas, Beatrice Lucchessini, and Fanny Kemble! This is, indeed, piling up the historical tragedy, and the new appearance will be a great event. For my own part, I care not how many French actors and actresses come here, provided that some of our native artists go over to Paris—and stop there.

The theatrical event of the week was the benefit of Mr. Toole at the ADELPHI. After the first piece a new drama, by Mr. John Oxenford, called "Stephen Digges," was produced. Not thirty years ago Balzac wrote his wonderful novel of "Le Père Goriot." Paternal dotage and filial ingratitude are treated in that remarkable story as if the author had felt in his heart of hearts Lear's line of "Let them anatomise Regan!" Upon the same plan, with an entire difference of plot and incident, Mr. Oxenford has built an effective two-act drama, which was received on Wednesday with considerable applause. The author has exhibited his usual skill in softening and (so to speak) sweetening the details of the original work. The two daughters of Stephen Digges are weak and thoughtless. They are not like Father Goriot's, heartless and cruel. Love-stories may be told over and over again; they never weary the listener; but the tale of a fond father, who in his prodigal tenderness and careless bounty robs himself of all to feed the vanity of ungrateful children, is too old, and too painful for repetition. I will, therefore, only mention that Stephen Digges is a wealthy grocer, whose two daughters marry men of fashion; both the men of fashion and their wives wheedle "papa" and borrow of him till he becomes a pauper, when a son, long ago driven from his home by a step-mother, suddenly appears and rescues his father and his sisters from approaching penury.

In the drama of "Dot" Mr. Toole exhibited remarkable powers of domestic pathos; but even that gentleman's warmest admirers were not prepared for the singular refinement and delicacy of his performance of Stephen Digges. He was Lear unkinged, Lear keeping a shop; Lear loose of grammar, fatherly and fond, ready to die for his two daughters or to pawn his plate to supply their extravagance. In the last scene, where passion and indignation carried him to the confines of madness, he fairly took his auditors by surprise, and long and loud applause followed a fine "burst" of tragedy. Miss Woolgar, as usual, divided the honours of the evening, in the character—familiar in dramas of the domestic order—of a faithful, outspoken servant. The rest of the dramatic personae—sketches, rather than characters—were well played.

The new drama caused many tears to flow and much emotional excitement. It is full of interest, but of a somewhat disagreeable kind. An old man shivering in a garret, neglected by children he has enriched, shocks at the same time that it engages the sympathies.

Mr. Byron's burlesque of "The Babes in the Wood" concluded the performance. The babes, though laid for some time on the shelf, have lost none of their powers of attraction, and the revival was a pronounced success.

CONFEDERATE CRUISERS.—Intelligence has been received at Lloyd's, under date New York, Aug. 27, that two more Confederate cruisers had evaded the Federal war-steamer and successfully run out of the harbour of Wilmington, and since then had destroyed no less than thirty-three Federal merchantmen. The Tallahassee has eluded all the efforts of the Federal gun-boats to overhaul her since she ran out of the harbour of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and on the 23rd of August destroyed no less than twenty-five Federal coasting ships and vessels on their homeward voyage from Europe, many laden with valuable cargoes. All this destruction was effected off the coast of the State of Maine. The Federal mercantile marine, and the coasting trade especially, is completely paralysed by these daring exploits of the Confederate cruisers. The Federal gun-boats have hitherto been foiled, as the commanders of the Confederate cruisers will not risk an engagement, their only object being the destruction of property, and not fighting.

THE DANO-GERMAN CONTROVERSY.—According to the German journals, the territorial question between Denmark and the German Powers is all but settled. The financial question, however, remains undecided, owing to the claims put forward by Austria and Prussia as to the distribution of the revenue of the Danish monarchy, especially with regard to the 30,000,000 rix-dalers which were paid for the redemption of the Sound dues. Austria has proposed as an equitable arrangement that the duchies should get that portion of the redemption money which Prussia has not yet paid. This proposal seems likely to be accepted both at Copenhagen and Berlin. It is stated that the German Powers have also demanded, on behalf of the duchies, a portion of the war materiel of Denmark and of its fleet. But this demand has met with an absolute refusal from the Danish Government, and it is not at all probable that it will be persevered in. It is said that the Prussian Chambers will be opened at Berlin in November, and that they will be called on to sanction the war expenditure, which amounts to 20,000,000 thalers for the army, and 10,000,000 for the fleet. This enormous outlay will absorb not only the surplus of the two previous years, which amounts to 10,000,000 thalers, but a large portion of the State treasures. It is further stated that on the ratification of peace Jutland and the duchies will be occupied by an army of 30,000 Prussians and an equal number of Austrians. A great demonstration, under the auspices of the "National Verein," is being prepared in favour of Duke Frederick of Augustenburg. A general assembly is to be held immediately in one of the towns of Thuringia, at which the right of the Duke to the throne of the duchies will be proclaimed.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—On Wednesday the annual meeting of the British Association, at Bath, was inaugurated by an able and long address from the eminent geologist Sir Charles Lyell. He spoke of the advantages of Bath as a central point of observation for his fellow-labourers in the science of the rocks, drew comparison between the springs of the pump-room in King Bladud's city and those of the ancients, and suggested that if, instead of running placidly to the Avon, the mineral waters were to deposit their solid matter around their orifice, in time we should have a veritable Geyser to see without going all the way to Iceland for it. At the depth of seventy-four feet the water in the great Geyser was shown to be at rest at a temperature of 248 degrees Fahrenheit, or thirty-six degrees above boiling point; why, he asked, at a few thousand feet, might it not be, so to speak, at a white heat? But the force of the action of hot springs in the interior of the earth is incalculable. It may be owing to the upheaval of strata which, as evinced by marine shells, is nowhere so obvious as in Wales, where the marine shells were in one place upheaved 1360 feet above the sea level. The glacial period occupied a considerable portion of the distinguished president's address, which concluded with the expression of a belief that the present meeting would not be inferior in interest to any previous assemblage of the association.

SALMON-FISHING IN NORWAY.

WHILE energetic followers of Izaak Walton have been disappointed by the drought, or have gone to further fishing-grounds in the Scottish lakes, or in Ireland, there to throw a fly for the "six pounders," more hardy sportsmen still have further opened up the Norwegian streams, to which a goodly number of British tourists, on salmon and trout intent, now go every season. Indeed, when so many places have been spoiled and altered to suit the exigencies of used-up tourists, it is delightful, even apart from a love of sport, to repair to a country where "loch, moor, and mountain," or rather where fjeld and fjord, retain their primitive beauty, and the people have not changed their honest simplicity.

A night's shelter in a stone hut on the mountains, with raw, smoked sheep's ham and coarse bread, with a bowl of milk for supper, is something like a change, and does a man good if he only have the fortitude to face such a probability, and he will get up in the morning in such bracing air, and with such a wild sweep of country before him, that he shall be able to eat a piece of bacon from his provision-box and wash it down with coffee made in his own camp kettle, by way of breakfast, before starting afresh on his journey.

But the roads are rough and wild, and the stations few and far between, so that those who mean to make an excursion into the country must carry their own provision, and be content even to camp out if occasion should arise, far even from a friendly "sæter," or mountain dairy, and the milk and barley-meal porridge and fiadbrod (literally flat bread) of the simple peasant folk.

The uncertainty of travelling in Norway, however, and the inclemency of the weather during a rainy season, render it quite unnecessary to hesitate about seeking shelter in the first house that presents itself; and the Norwegian has not yet forgotten to be hospitable, while the honesty of the people is altogether unimpeachable. Whether fishing from the bank of one of the mountain streams or on a lake from a boat, there is splendid sport to be obtained in Norway. The style of rowing is certainly peculiar, but it is well adapted to the streams of the country. The boats are mostly flat-bottomed, low amidships, but rising high at stem and stern in a sharp curve, both being exactly similar. The rudder is curved to fit the stern, and is very narrow, but the want of width is compensated by the depth to which it descends into the water. In a transverse direction, through a hole in the top of it, is fixed one end of a flat piece of wood about a foot long, to the other end of which a stick of about a yard in length is attached by a couple of iron staples. This stick the coxswain holds under his arm, steering the boat by merely moving the stick longitudinally backwards and forwards. A regular trout-fishing expedition undertaken whether on the lakes beyond the Logne Fjord or the Hardanger affords an opportunity of witnessing splendid scenery, occurring in sudden glimpses between the great perpendicular cliffs on the passage down the fjords themselves, and of fine sport when the fishing-ground is reached. Several strong trawling-lines and a good supply of night-lines are the most useful description of tackle on which to depend for a supply of fish when the traveller does not give up his time to angling, but in either case he will be content to leave his line sometimes to take care of itself while he gazes at the high rocks that tower upwards from the green water, their precipices lighted up by the glow of sunset, or thrown into profound shadow on the more westerly side. For scenery the mountain lakes are in most cases superior to the fjords, the banks of which are generally rather gloomy and monotonous. Nothing can surpass some of the mountain torrents, where, beyond a belt of pines and amidst a thicket of birch or larch trees, the rocks echo the plashing of the stream. Here the real sportsman may find good opportunity to cast his fly unvexed by the tribe of tourists, although he must remember that most of the fishing even in this wild country is preserved, and he must be certain either to obtain permission or to find a spot where he will not be accused of poaching.

No wonder that Prince Alfred, during his Norwegian cruise, has been to Alten to the fishing quarters of the Duke of Roxburghe, though these are situated rather in Norwegian Lapland than in Norway proper.

The proprietorship of the Alten is peculiarly constituted, differing from that of any other river in the country, being vested in the hands of a company of one hundred members, all, with the exception of a few Norwegians, chosen out of a tribe of Quäns, who, originally emigrating from Finland, settled on the banks, driving out the Laps, the weaker race, while they in their turn are being supplanted by the hardy Norseman. To these Quäns, as they are called, the possession of the river and exclusive right of fishing, which in former days was very considerable, was granted by Royal charter when Norway was under the dominion of the Danes.

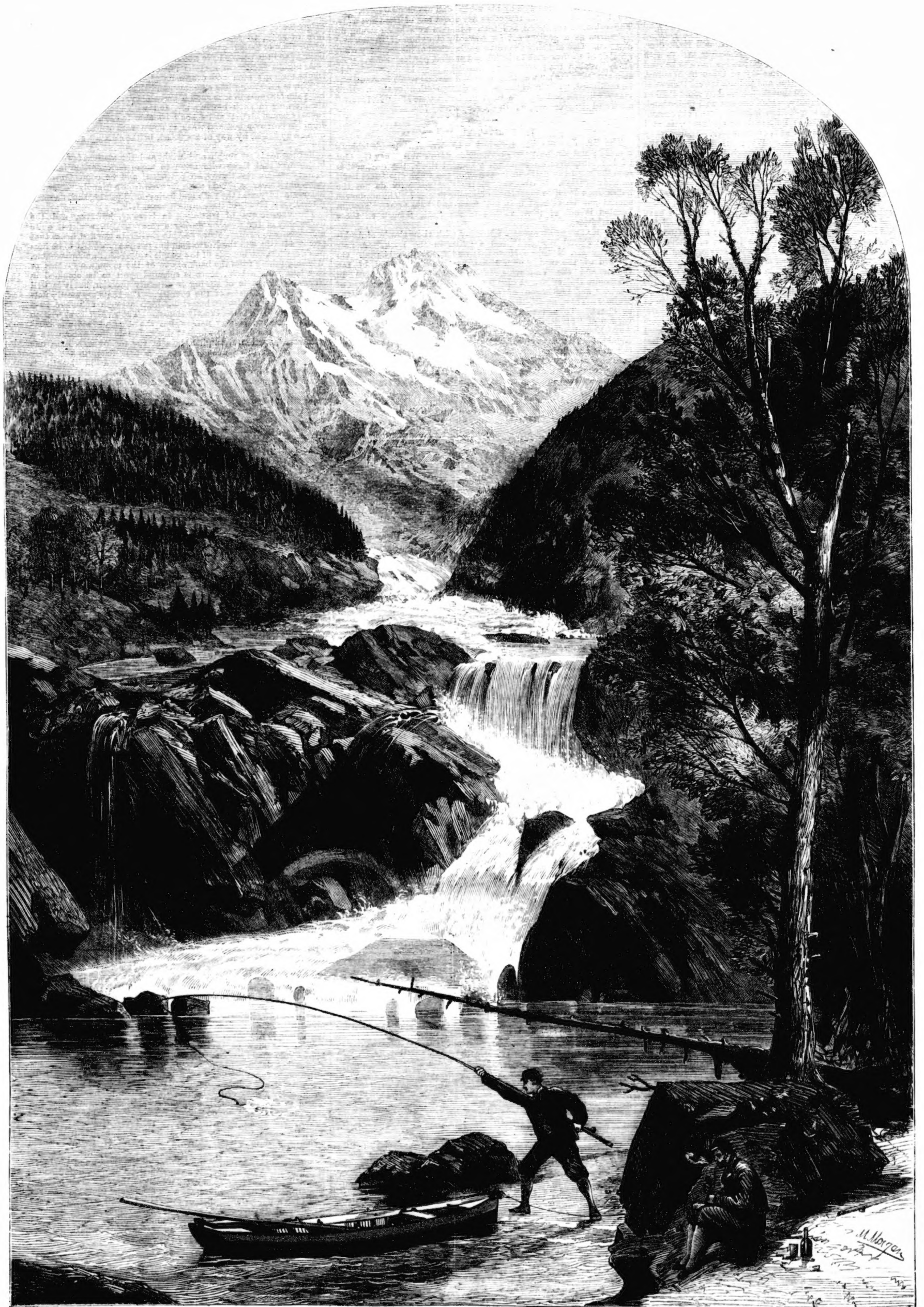
When the weather is hot, the salmon are best wooed and won during the comparatively cooler hours of the night. Nothing can be more enjoyable than one of these fine Arctic nights. The wild solitude, the stillness of the air, unbroken by any sound save the murmur of the water at your feet, the splash of the salmon, or, it may be, the lowing of the cows, with their tinkling bells, from the distant "sæter," all add to the charm of the scene and enhance the enjoyment; and, to descend from the ideal to the real, when you have hooked and killed your salmon, go to land and roast him on the quick pine-wood fire, and, with a piece of birch bark for your plate, you have a repast fit for a queen. Who can describe the exquisite flavour of that fish? Who can paint the colour of those creamy flakes, white as the driven snow? But the Alten, like everything else, has its *amari aliquid*, which is here found in the myriads of mosquitoes, which amount to a positive pest to both man and beast. Whenever you are fishing you may observe the fires which the peasants light in the neighbourhood of every "sæter," and there you will always find the cattle congregated, seeking the friendly shelter of the smoke to avoid their incessant tormentors.

The scenery in the upper part of the fishing is very wild and grand, as the river, cleaving its way through the solid rocks, makes magnificent gorges, which, with the overhanging precipices above and the massive boulders and foaming rapids below, have a very fine effect. To shoot these rapids is a work requiring the nicest skill, not unattended with some risk, and the way the Quäns steer down them is a sight to see. A mistake is fatal, as the boat would be dashed to pieces against the rocks, and in this way two Laps lost their lives two years ago. In ascending the river the boats are pushed up with poles, or, as it is called in Norwegian, *stagt*, as it would be impossible to row them against the stream.

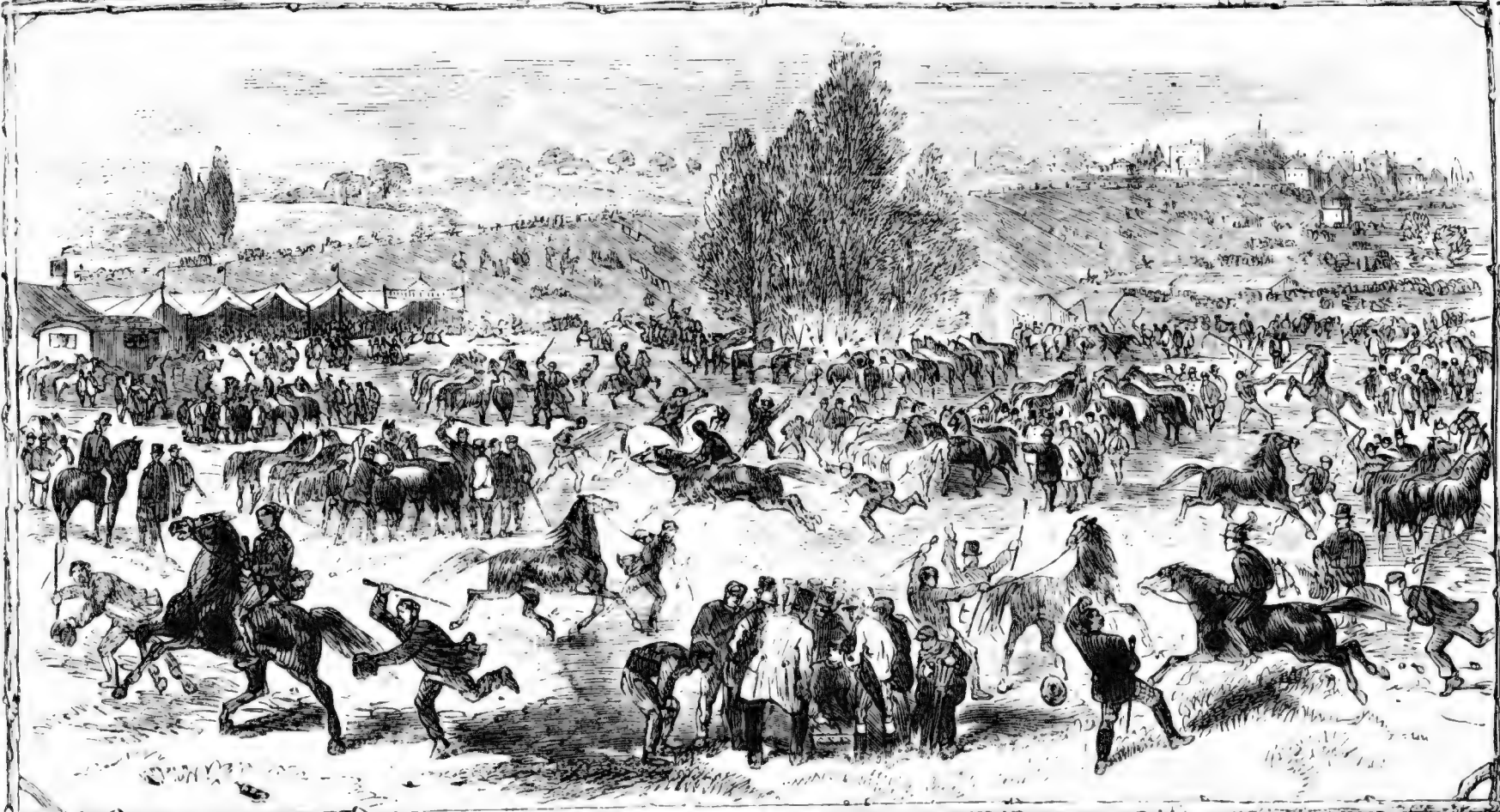
Whatever may be the advantages of the Alten, however, the tourist who would see Norway must make up his mind to camp out amidst the lakes and mountains, and can scarcely confine his attention to angling. There are other fish besides salmon; and there are reindeer, and willow-grouse, and all sorts of game; but he who would enjoy a week or two of real sport must be hardy, and contented to carry clothes, and bedding, and cooking utensils, and even provisions, and to do with the smallest possible quantity of either. He would do well, too, to read Mr. Galton's "Art of Travel," about which we have already had a gossip in these columns, and to glance through the pages of the "Vacation Tourist."

For thoroughly to enjoy the fjelds, and the fjords, and the lakes, it will be necessary to provide against a good many contingencies; and, as equipment for two or three travellers, there should be included a small tent, an iron cooking-pot, a tin kettle, and some cups, knives, and plates, guns, gunpowder, a waterproof sheet, a rug or two, a quantity of tea and coffee, salt and sugar, three or four blankets, and a change of shoes and woollen under-clothes. Thus equipped, the voyager may enjoy capital sport, amongst which, however, salmon-fishing will not be the least attractive.

BLAIR ATHOL won the great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster on Wednesday, beating General Peel, Cambrusan, and all competitors with great ease. The race was run amid a perfect deluge of rain. Blair Athol is the only horse that has won both the Derby and the St. Leger the same year since 1833, when the feat was achieved by West Australian.



SALMON-FISHING IN NORWAY.



1. DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.
4. "THERE'S A BEAUTY!"

3. THE HORSE FAIR.

2. REFRACIOUS PONY.
5. "SOLD AGAIN!"

FINE ARTS.

A VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

ON Saturday, the 10th of September, we visited the House of Lords with the intention of viewing the frescoes there, while Mr. Armytage's admirable letter to the *Times* about the various causes which conduce to the injury of such paintings was fresh in our mind. Accordingly, making our way, not without difficulty, through the crowds of holiday-makers who are staring about them in the palace of legislative wisdom, we present ourselves at the door of the room where Mr. Herbert's fresco is in progress, and ask to be allowed to enter. A stern policeman tells us that there is no admission. We wish to send in a card, but are told that peremptory orders have issued from within to turn back every one. We expostulate for a time in vain, but a friend who accompanies us whispers in the ear of the functionary something about an acquaintance with some one of the powers that be, who bears the name of "Walker"—the British Lambert. The effect is that our card is sent in and we are presently admitted.

And then we learn the reason of the exclusion. An hour ago—while we were outside the building admiring its beauty and lamenting its decay—while we were finding the best view of "Cœur de Lion" (which, by-the-way, is from a point near the grand entrance where the figure is brought out against the large window)—while the eight-seeing British public was streaming by that closed chamber, only remarking that "there was some chap a-painting the walls in there"—an hour ago there had been a moment of terrible anxiety. The preservative solution had been applied to the picture, and its immediate effect was so singular, so alarming, that for a few moments the artist feared that the noble result of seven years of incessant labour had been destroyed in an instant. Fortunately, however, such was not the case, although the possibility of such a disaster was evidenced here and there in small spots, which the artist could point out but the spectator would not detect, and which showed where the colour was slightly injured.

The ordeal was over, and we had arrived just at the right time; for the finest specimen of fresco in England—we feel tempted to say in Europe—was finished.

We have already in this Journal given a detailed criticism of this grand picture when it was nearly approaching its completion. Now that the last stroke has been added, the finishing touch put, we can honestly indorse the approving verdict we then passed. The picture has lost none of that marvellous luminosity which it possessed. The splendidly-drawn lifelike figures tell each its own story, and the calm, grand figure of Moses still towers as grandly over all. England may well be proud of such a work as this of Mr. Herbert.

But let us now examine it with a reference to the question which brought us hither—the chances of its resisting the decay which is so busy with the frescoes in the lobbies and passages. The artist shows us, on some experimental sketches on a neighbouring wall, that the solution preserves the colour from injury even when subjected to sharp friction with a key-handle, and that it resists moisture. Nothing short of hewing away the wall with a pickaxe, then, will injure the picture? Alas, no! The artist points up through the window to the immense smokestack, the chimney of the ventilating furnace which towers just over our heads. Soot, that penetrating mixture of grease and carbon, is the one enemy which the process has to fear. It is to be hoped that proper steps will be taken to close the roof-lights here permanently, in order to exclude the "blacks" which must fall from that tall chimney; indeed, we can see their traces on the panes above us.

We take another look at the masterpiece, inspect the photographs and interesting relics from the Holy Land which lie on the table, and then set out to visit the fresco of the "Meeting of Blucher and Wellington," and see how it wears. We have another struggle with the outflowing visitors, and have nearly reached the object of our voyage when we are inexorably turned back by more policemen, who are clearing the building. Expostulation and entreaty are useless. We make a masterly retreat and fall back upon our original policeman, who has considerably softened to us now, who is a most obliging and intelligent man, with a knowledge and admiration of art which we hardly should have looked for in Scotland-yard. Hearing of our reverses, he summons the attendant of the artists, by the appropriate name of "Fresco Mike," and by him we are instructed to perform a dextrous flank movement, which brings us through one of the division lobbies—"Ayes to the right!"—into the presence of the fresco we desire to see.

Coming to it fresh from the contemplation of the Eastern scene, so full of light and air, we are more than ordinarily conscious of its chief fault—a heaviness and brownness in the shadows and a want of aerial perspective. It contrasts, too, with its abundance of detail and incident, with the breadth and repose of the "Moses" in a manner not altogether favourable to it. But who can fail to admire the drawing, the bold mastery of detail, displayed in it? We could wish the fight for the guns in the background were away; and we wonder whether there is room for all the horses and men of the group of Blues behind the Duke on the ground they are supposed to occupy. But the picture is a splendid picture, and the principal group is very fine.

Here we can detect no signs of decay. It appears as fresh as on the day it was finished.

Opposite to this fresco is a high hoarding, behind which Mr. Macfie is engaged in painting "The Death of Nelson." At the time of our visit he is absent, and the extempore studio is locked. But we hear high praise of the progressing work from our friend in the police, who is enthusiastic about it in a manner which leads us to suppose that he has a preference for marine pictures, or is more than ordinarily interested in this one because "Fresco Mike," his friend, is immortalised in it as a British tar with burning lanyard in hand.

As we leave the house we inspect the frescoes in the lobbies. They show unmistakable signs of decay. We however console ourselves, privately, with the reflection that the majority of them can be surrendered to oblivion without a very great struggle. They certainly do not benefit by our involuntary comparison of them with the two great pictures we have just been viewing.

On the whole, then, we come to the conclusion that, always provided root be guarded against, the really valuable frescoes in the House of Parliament are as safe as human works can be from the destructive influences of our climate and the ravages of time.

IMPORTANT LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.—SELSEY, NEAR CHICHESTER. SEPT. 10.—I have to report (writes the Rev. H. Foster, the hon. secretary of the Selsey branch of the National Life-boat Institution), that the brig Governor Maclean, 216 tons, laden with ivory, cotton, and palm-oil, bound from Africa to London, was wrecked a few days since on the Shoal Point of the Overs Sandbank. The Selsey life-boat of the National Institution instantly proceeded to the wrecked vessel and rescued seven of the crew, the remainder, five in number, having been taken off by a Dover lugger. The life-boat's crew were also instrumental in rendering other important services on the occasion, having assisted in cutting away the masts that the ship might righten, and in towing her clear of the shoal. The vessel was ultimately towed by Government and private steam-tugs into Portsmouth, completely waterlogged, and will be placed on the mud. The cost of this valuable life-boat was presented to the institution, in 1860, by members of the Society of Friends.

DENMARK AND SWEDEN.—The concluding documents of the series of diplomatic despatches lately laid before the Danish Rigsraad have just been published. They tend to throw a light upon one portion of the negotiations preceding the late war, which had hitherto been involved in some obscurity—the transactions which took place between Denmark and Sweden. Up to a certain point the Swedish Government had pledged itself to lend Denmark material aid. King Charles of Sweden had personally committed himself on the subject to the late King of Denmark. But public opinion in Sweden did not go so far; and the Swedish Government was glad to avail itself of the first pretext for withdrawing from a dangerous position. This was found when the question at issue between Germany and Denmark shifted from the ground it occupied during the lifetime of the late King to become one of succession, involving the validity of the Treaty of London. Then Sweden declared that, as one of the parties to that treaty, she could not act alone, but must content herself to abide by the policy which the other Powers concerned in it should resolve to pursue. Thus the project of alliance ended.

Literature.

Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid. By Professor C. PIAZZI SMYTH, F.R.S.S. (L. and E.). With Photograph, Map, and Plates. Alex. Strahan and Co.

This handsome book, by the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, is one of the most curious as it is one of the best got-up of the year. Founding itself upon a discovery of the late Mr. John Taylor, it is dedicated to him; but that extraordinary man died while the work was in the press. It is written, from beginning to end, in a vein of childlike innocence, which is not unworthy of Mr. Taylor's memory, though a hasty reviewer may very naturally smile to find men of the quality and scholarship of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Smyth growing dithyrambic about—the British inch.

The work before us, with its beautiful photograph, carefully coloured map, and elaborate diagrams, is all about a small porphyry trough, or coffer, without a lid, contained in the innermost chamber of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh—"the sole thing which he containeth within his darksome entrails." There the coffer has been, for thousands of years, all alone, in a miraculously ventilated chamber, in the midst of a stupendous mass of masonry. It is approached by galleries, which, it is maintained, have a symbolic meaning in their proportions. Underneath is a well; outside is the desert; overhead are the sun, and moon, and stars. That the arrangements of the building are related to these is not disputed; the "orientation," a former relation to the polestar, and so on, are not among the topics which Mr. Smyth puts forward as new. But what is this strange little porphyry box, so carefully hidden away in the "entrails" of the largest of the pyramids? A box made of a material not liable to be much affected in its dimensions by change of temperature, and placed in a ventilated sanctuary to which approach is almost impossible?

Professor Smyth tells, in a very graphic manner, the story of the resolute way in which the Caliph Al Mamoun, son of Haroun Al Raschid, had the Great Pyramid opened, expecting to find immense treasure hidden there; and also of the resolute way in which the Caliph made the best of it when he found there was neither silver, nor gold, nor precious stones. Painfully the men have made their way up the galleries, though not without doing violence to the structure of the building, because they could not move a close-fitting block of marble which was in their way; and now they stand, with their torches, at the grand chamber:—

THE SECRET OF THE PYRAMID.

And what find they there? A right noble apartment, 34 ft. long, 17 broad, and 19 high, of polished granite throughout, in blocks squared and true, and so large "that eight floors fit, eight flags the ends, and sixteen the sides;" and all put together with such exquisite skill that the joints are barely discernible to the closest inspection.

Any, no doubt, a well-built room; but what does it contain? What is the treasure?

The treasure! Yes, indeed, where is all the treasure? They look around them and see nothing of it, and trim their torches again and carry them to every part without any better success. The room is clean—garished, too, as it were; and, according to the ideas of its founders, complete and perfectly ready for its visitors, so long expected, so long delayed; but the gross minds who occupy it now find it all barren—they declare that there is nothing whatever in the whole extent of the apartment from one end to another—nothing, except an empty stone chest without a lid.

The Caliph Al Mamoun was thunderstruck. He had arrived at the very part of the Pyramid he had so long desired to see, and had now found nothing, absolutely nothing; that is, nothing that he could make any use of. Then the people about him began to exclaim at his sacrilegious violence, and deplore their waste of time and loss of money. But he was a Caliph of the able day of Eastern rulers, so he had a large sum of money brought from his treasury and buried by night in a certain spot. Next day he caused the men to dig precisely there, and they found a treasure of gold, "and the Caliph ordered it to be counted, and lo! it was the exact sum that had been expended in the work, neither more nor less; and the Caliph was astonished, and said he could not understand how the Kings of the Pyramid of old could have known exactly how much money he would have expended in the undertaking, and he was lost in surprise." So the Caliph went home, musing on the wonderful events that had happened; and the King's chamber and the "granite chest without a lid" were troubled by him no more.

The poets of the Court did indeed again tune their lyres and celebrate their invincible patron's discoveries in that lidless box of granite—a deal man with a breastplate of gold, and an emerald vase a foot in diameter, and "a carbuncle which shone with a light like the light of day, and a sword of inestimable value;" though, according to some, the whole chest was crammed to the brim, full of gold "in very large pieces." But nothing further of any note was actually done in a cause which men began now to deem, in spite of their poets, to be absolutely worthless, and in a region more profitless than the desert itself. The way once opened, however, by Al Mamoun remained then free to all, and "men did enter it," says one of the honestest chroniclers of that day, "for many years, and descended by the slippery passage which is in it," but with no other result than this, "that some of them came out safe, and others died."

We have not space to reproduce here the legends about the Secret of the Pyramid, which Professor Smyth quotes in their proper places (and in a very happy manner, too); nor to follow downward the history of more modern investigations and conjectures about the constructor of the great pyramid, its relation to astronomy, and the meaning of the porphyry coffer. This history includes names like those of Harvey the physician and Sir Isaac Newton, and takes in Sir W. Herschel and the whole tribe of Egyptologists. Suffice it to say that the balance of sagacity seems to have rested with the older investigators. Harvey predicted the ventilation of the chamber, and Newton, if he had only had a little more information under his eye, would in all probability have knocked on the head the idea—which we now believe is knocked on the head—that this lidless box is a sarcophagus. But what, then, is it?

For a curious reference to the Book of Job we refer the reader to Professor Smyth's book; but, in the mean time, we earnestly beg him not to hesitate, but at once to take down the most ancient of books and read Zachariah, chapter v., especially from the 5th verse to the end; Ezekiel xlv., verse 9 to verse 14; and the 1st verse of Ezekiel xlv. This will prepare his mind with respect to the tremendous importance which was once attached among these trans-mediterranean peoples to the notion of a Sacred Measure, solid and liquid; "a house" for the sacred measure; the universal application of the standard; and the significance of the vessel being without a lid. One of the verses we have mentioned may be read in special connection with the "orientation" question, and the symbolic proportions of the galleries.

Now, the "discovery" is this: The porphyry coffer is the Sacred Standard of Measure (the very word "pyramid" meaning a "wheat-measure"); and it bears a proportion to the length of the earth's axis, which fits it to be a standard for all time.

It is added that this standard was set up in ante-idolatrious times—this particular pyramid showing no hieroglyphics (an indifferent reason, surely), and that, as it was totally impossible that the ancient astronomy could have found out for itself the axis-proportion displayed in the coffer—the maker must have been "inspired." This question we leave alone. The subject of "inspiration," in whatever sense the word is used, considered in its relation to the cyclical development of human knowledge, the subject of that development, its returns upon itself, and its lateral movements in the shape of "progress"—all this we cannot touch here. We cannot even hint at what we believe to be said about it.

But to come to what will be called the "practical" part of the book, and that matter of "our inheritance" in the pyramid. We confess we had not the least idea, until we read this book of Professor Smyth, of the astoundingly discrepant measures in use in this country; of the legislative confusion that exists in the matter; of the enormous difficulty there is in finally settling the standard (owing to the contraction or expansion of metals); or, lastly, of the importance which scientific men attach to fixing the "standard" at some quantity which is "earth-commensurable." For all this, we must refer the reader to the book itself. It is impossible to exaggerate the interest, nay, the fascination, of the pyramid question. To have solved this wonderful old problem was enough to turn anybody's head; and if we smile, as we cannot help doing, at the stupendous weight which is here put upon the great Inch question, we soon forget our amusement. The book is, for all its erudition, as readable as a fairy tale; and the author, as he points out, has

been ably seconded by the publishers in his desire to make the whole story as plain as daylight.

The Art-Idea. Part Second of Confessions of an Inquirer. By JAMES JACKSON JAMES. Hurd and Co., New York.

Something hasty, casual, and "Yankee" about the tone of this book had very nearly made us throw it aside, but a second glance led us to turn over its pages with interest, and to recognise in Mr. James a man of a fine understanding and a generous, aspiring heart. The strictly autobiographical portions of the volume (which are, unfortunately, the smallest) are much the most interesting, though what the author has to say about art in general is very readable, and true in spirit, though people will differ about the dicta which turn up so frequently in every page. Mr. Ruskin, Mrs. Browning, and Mrs. Jameson seem to have recognised the value of Mr. James's contributions to the criticism of Art, and of Life in connection with Art, and one of his papers has had a very curious history. In the London *Fine-Arts Quarterly* for October, 1863, appeared an article of his on American Artists, which the New York *Round Table* noticed "in not a flattering spirit." By-and-by, the article in question was translated into German, and published in the *Dioskuren* of Berlin. Upon which the *Round Table* translated it back again into English, as a German criticism containing "some very interesting remarks," &c.

Mr. James prints, in parallel columns, a selection of notices of a former book of his, in order to exhibit the fantastic divarications of opinions which occur among reviewers. It must be observed that, for the most part, the contradictions in the verdicts pronounced lie between journals of directly opposite camps in theology; and, that being premised, there is no reason to be astonished when one journal says of a book that "it contains some noble tributes to Christianity, especially where the writer speaks of his mother;" while another says, "it is the writing of a man who, from disease or breeding, or other sad fortune, does not know the sex of the mother that bore him!" The *Providence Journal* talks of "rich veins of thought constantly opened up," and so on; while the *Honolulu Friend* says, "of this author's infamy we are ashamed." This precious collection of "critical notices" is very nearly as absurd as that imaginary one attached by Lowell to the Biglow Papers; and, in fact, the *Honolulu Friend* is not so very unlike the *Higginbottomopolis Snappingturtle*. At all events, without having read a line of the former book of Mr. James, we can take upon ourselves, backed by Mr. Ruskin, Mrs. Browning, and Mrs. Jameson, to say that the author is not a man to be "ashamed of;" and that his books are only too much above the comprehension of the *Honolulu Friend* and the *Philadelphia Presbyterian*. We should be glad to see the First Part of these "Confessions"—re-edited, if the author so pleases—since it was evidently a living book, though, he admits, an error "in form."

Rambles in the Rocky Mountains; with a Visit to the Gold-fields of Colorado. By MAURICE O'CONNOR MORRIS, late Deputy Postmaster-General of Jamaica. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The Rocky Mountains have been made the subject of many books, but yet Mr. Morris has plenty to say which is new. Fired with a desultory caprice, he appears to have been delighted to leave New York behind him, and travel by boat and rail to St. Louis, and thence on to St. Joe, a very modern town, with which few travellers are acquainted. After this his journey was pursued a distance of seven miles in a mule team to Denver, the capital of the Colorado portion of the Rocky Mountain slopes, where are to be found gold-fields and their usual accompaniments in startling plenty, considering that the whole place is scarcely half a dozen years old. It was not until 1859 that Denver assumed anything of the proportions of a town, and four years ago "you might have counted the shanties on your five fingers, and probably bought them for a very few dollars." Now, the town numbers 5000 inhabitants, who live in good hotels, eat ice-creams, see the "Colleen Bawn," and read Wilkie Collins's last novel. It is very healthy; and, though there is about the people much of the "rough and tumble" style inseparable from early settlers, and much gambling, consequent upon familiarity with making and losing fortunes, they are amicably disposed, and not in the least degree given to intoxication. Equality is the order of the day—or rather of the evening—when the work is over. There, after supper, outside the crack hotel, "the high dignitaries of State" fraternise with the "waiters who an hour ago had ministered to your wants," chatting and smoking pleasantly, without any appearance of condescension or *mauvaise hont*. But—no blacks!

We shall not follow Mr. Morris, with his friends and servants, through their many chapters in chase of the beaver, the buffalo, the wolf, &c. Such matters are always interesting as they stand on the pages, but decidedly uncomfortable for purposes of *precis* writing. The style of writing is strong and fresh, abounding with good reflections of strange society, and scraps of song, classic and modern, which make the lines run swiftly on. It is an agreeable book, and may tempt the adventurous into a fresh field for travel.

BATHOS ON BUNKUM.—An honourable member of the American Congress on a recent occasion concluded his speech thus:—"What signify these hoarse murmurs of discontent? What means this sullen reverberation of pent-up thunder? Whence proceeds this turbulence of subdued irritation, solemn and sonorous as the voice of a distant cataract? To what conclusion am I led by this vehement clashing of discordant elements—this ocean roar of a mighty nation, in its throes of agony and torrent of passion and of pride? To the conclusion, Mr. Speaker—that I smell a rat!"

OYSTER BEDS.—The banks in the Solent between Calshot Castle and Cowes are famous as natural oyster-breeding grounds, and sometimes nearly one hundred small vessels are seen there at one time dredging for young oysters to be laid down in various rivers, to grow, breed, and fatten. No matter how small the oysters are, even if no bigger than a sixpence, they are valuable for the various rearing-grounds. Some rivers seem better adapted than others for the growth of these oysters by causing a difference in the flavour of the latter; and a large number of oysters sold in the London market as natives or other choice varieties are taken from grounds which have been stocked from the Solent. Nature provides for the distribution of oysters in a very curious manner. Oyster-spawn is, at first, light, and is easily carried from the parent oysters by the tide. Gradually the spawn rises to the surface, and the instant it is exposed to the atmosphere its specific gravity is apparently increased, for it suddenly sinks, and whatever solid substance it first touches in its descent to the bottom it makes its home, whence it derives its first nourishment, and commences growing to maturity.

KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK AND HIS LATE MINISTER.—A pamphlet has appeared at Copenhagen, attributed to the brother-in-law of King Christian, containing among other things the following description of a scene between Christian IX. and M. Monrad on the evening of the day on which the Ministry resigned:—"The King received at daylight, from his Envoy at Paris, Count Moltke, a telegram in the following terms:—'All is lost, the Emperor will do nothing more for us.' There was to be on that day a Cabinet Council at one o'clock; but Christian IX. had not patience to wait to express what he felt, and instantly sent for M. Monrad. The latter, seeing the extreme emotion of the King, turned pale on entering the Cabinet: 'See where you have led us,' said the Prince, with suppressed fury, handing to him the telegram; 'we are on the brink of an abyss.' Your counsels have lost me my last anchor of safety. All is lost if I do not instantly change my Ministry.' 'Such, also, is my opinion, Sir,' said M. Monrad, in the calmest tone; 'it is not I who can conclude the only peace which it may be yet possible to obtain.' 'And if you had not been at the head of affairs,' cried the aged Count Charles Moltke, who was present at the interview, 'such a peace had never been possible.' M. Monrad, without noticing the interruption, bowed his head to the King, saying, 'Your Majesty will do what you deem necessary for the safety of the State, which has been my King burst out in a vehement tone, heard even to the antechamber, 'You will now retire, after having consumed the ruin of the kingdom and deprived me of my most beautiful provinces. Your fatal work is accomplished; the shame falls on me, and you dare to represent yourself yet as a saviour of the State. This is too much.' During this explosion of anger M. Monrad preserved an icy impassibility. When it was over he said, 'History will one day judge me. I have done my duty, and when (looking fixedly at Count Moltke) the conscience is clear there is nothing to dread.' He then saluted the King and withdrew. Both M. Monrad and M. Hall believed to the last in foreign assistance." When Alsen was taken, it is related that Count Moltke hastened to Vichy, but received from the Emperor Napoleon only this reply, "You have rejected all my friendly advice, take now the consequences of your deluded obstinacy. I cannot mix myself up any more with your affairs."

OUR FEUILLETON.

MORE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

ACCORDING to the best authorities—for, as everybody says the same, the best authorities must claim precedence over the worst—the English people can do positively nothing unless under the influence of something to eat and drink. It may reasonably be expected that the same philosophical observation holds good all over the globe; at least, it is certain that if any people took nothing to eat or drink there would scarcely be one person alive, at the end of eight days, to do even as much as tell the tale; and, if there were, it could only be told to those equally in the secret with the narrator. Therefore, as there is a story to be told here, the accusation of commonplace must not be made if a little light refreshment leads the way. A cheerful overture, having strict reference to the business in hand—not too substantial, nor too ethereal—not the ox roasted whole, nor that immortal banquet which consisted of “the wings of humming-birds and the sunny sides of peaches.”

London in the early autumn of 1862 can scarcely have been forgotten. Oh, sweet Thames! from Greenwich to Richmond, from Whitehall to the grave of Thomson, why did the Wilkinsons wish to leave thee? I know, because I happen to be one of them (second son, Tom), and I'll tell you. It was because some of them wanted to cut a dash. The fact is, we had just got into a new house, a magnificent place, in the modern style and in a crack neighbourhood. For many squares round not a tile could boast a single cat. How the tradespeople managed to communicate with the kitchen was a mystery. Perhaps the policeman knew. All I know is that it was a precious bore for me, for I was denied a latch-key, and when I came home at night there was a middle-sized footman kept waiting up to open the door. Give me freedom, and the key of the cupboard hidden where I know where to find it; but our family had grown suddenly to be mighty fine people; just because an old relative had died and left a very pretty, tidy penny, I assure you. Tavistock-street, Bedford-square, was cut at once; and, between ourselves, there wasn't all of it to cut, for the second floor had always been let off to a “quiet gentleman, wishing a central position, and no objection to joining a social circle, if agreeable.” And, indeed, when Richard Major, late Lieutenant, Madras Army, took the rooms and saw my sister Pris he just did find it agreeable, rather frequently, to be sure. Well, and we were a social circle at that time, no one more so. Priscilla was a sweet creature, with no nonsense about her, and eyes just like mine. Everybody complimented her on the resemblance. Then she could sing, and she was altogether as good as a nightingale that knew the summer woods by heart, but was just as affectionately happy in her little cage, provided it was a certain hand that put the sugar between the wire, and an especial pair of lips that kissed off the chirrup from her beak. Priscilla was, indeed, tenderly attached to late Lieutenant Major, and I liked her all the better for it, for he was a dear, kind creature, and never lost less than a sov. a week to me at billiards. Father and mother were plain, substantial people, who treated themselves to a quarrel once a day and two on Sundays, on the regular plan which attends domesticity in dear old England. As for brother Jack, the eldest, he was a prig; as for my little sister, she was another. Extremes met in their case. With myself, an angel, we made up a sufficiently pleasant household, and one which always sublimed into a happy evening as often as Dick Major was good enough to cast in his lot with ours, or rather, with Pris's, although nothing on that subject had ever been spoken, except between themselves. But old Briggs dying had a severe influence on affairs. It was agreed that we must move; and, somehow, there was a majority in favour of the north-west of Hyde Park. “So very select,” said mother, now blossoming into “Ma.” Big brother and little sister agreed. Father was under the influence of terrorism; and Priscilla and myself were nowhere. We should not so much have minded being “select,” but we were to be select without Dick Major. Poor fellow! Poor girl! For it was manifestly impossible to take in and do for lodgers now we lived in a square. No. Mother was inexorably respectable; and, what with the worry and expense of moving, father got into such a state that there was no chance of understanding one word about his wishes—which was a capital thing for the rest of the hitherto united happy family, for nobody ever thought of paying the slightest attention to anything he had to suggest. “Of course, Captain Major (he had risen a brevet peg, like all the rest of the world)—of course, Captain Major would always be warmly received as a guest.” So spoke mother.

We had been in the new house some few months when the story takes its rise. The place itself was certainly more comfortable, but I fancied the food was less abundant and less succulent than before. Nobody said a word, but everybody knew that the skeleton in our new house was—respectability and bones! Large appetites and rich sauces were coarse. Perhaps so; but my waistcoats would have hung loosely and my skin have lost its oleaginous tone had I not taken care to devote all my pocket-money to surreptitious mutton chops and pastry. But, quietly as we moved along, I saw the stormy petrel heralding the coming hurricane. The Governor was brooding. Pelt, helter-skelter, down it comes!

The three of them—Ma, John, and young Jemima—had laid such a trap for the old gentleman. There was a splendid breakfast that morning. There were fish, and cutlets, and I don't know what in the way of potted this and that. They thought nothing could be done without substantial refreshment, but they little imagined how infinitesimal would be the execution with it. Sister Jemima opened fire from the *Morning Post*—

“Brighton. Harrison's Hotel. Fashionable arrivals. Earl and Countess of Loo, Major Van John and party, Colonel Whist, Mister Knurr, Mr. Spell, &c. What a horrid set goes down to Brighton, Ma, nowadays!”

“Yes, my dear. I declare it is not proper society for such as us. Priscilla growing up, too.”

“And me, Ma.”

“Hush, my dear! We must ask Papa very prettily where he is going to take his darlings this year. Papa! I know somebody who once promised to take us up the Rhine, but he didn't.”

“Very sensible, too,” growled the Governor.

“But I mean,” said mother, returning to the charge, and in a ludicrous imitation of the voice which he had admired at least a quarter of a century ago, “But I mean that you are the naughty pair who did not keep his promise.”

Then came down the storm. Morally speaking, umbrellas were put up and turned into old-fashioned champagne-glasses. Hats flew off, and hair was blown out of curl. Rheumatisms were caught, and weaker vessels were stranded and went to pieces; whilst barometers were dead beat, and Admiral Fitzroy a dead letter. How the picture-frames rattled, how the coffee-cups whizzed! The only things that really managed to keep their scales were the potted things: good substantial crockery, with enormous breadth of beam! Young ladies, if ever you go to sea with a stormy bridegroom, always select your china for two merits—breadth of beam and absence of keel. Then you may lose your rudder even in a cyclone, but you will find nothing damaged to speak of when you make port. But lots of tarpaulin and a well-built sou'-wester will be found necessary for such frail craft as knuckles of ham, egg-cups, &c. After everything had fallen a victim to this knock-down I discovered the upshot. He never wanted to move into a house like that—larger than we wanted, and more expensive than he could afford. He wouldn't work his brain into puddle—he wouldn't. We couldn't have everything, and, by something, we might stay at home for the autumn in the new house if we wanted the new house at all. By something else, we might, for all be cared. We'd got fine clothes on our backs and nothing in our bellies, and he'd never had so much as a hearty meal since he'd been in the blank house, until this morning, when it was a piece of gross extravagance, with a quarter's rent to pay, all the taxes owing by the last tenant, and a precious heavy milliner's bill into the bargain, before long, he dared to say,

I never enjoyed anything half so much. It was a magnificent breakfast I had—but that is no matter. Priscilla and I kept on telegraphing, not minding Pa seeing it, for he knew we were on his side, and it was evident enough to all parties that he was going to have his own way this time, at all events, if he never played the game again. We did not want to “do” the Rhine, having that natural contempt for foreigners which always afflicts the Anglo-Saxon, whether he happens to be in his customary high spirits or victim to the gloomy casualty of pecuniary despair. But we were not particular about accepting an offer of a month or two at Margate, especially if Letty Heathcote and her lot were there. Letty had been at the same sch—hum! establishment for young ladies with Priscilla. Of course she was nothing to me. Why, she was not more than eighteen, and I was barely of age, and girls of eighteen know nothing about such matters. But I could tell you a—

Didn't mother just take on a bit! And wasn't she just on the wrong tack, that's all. She kept on talking about the look of the thing, what the neighbours would say, and so on; until at length father retorted,

“Never mind the neighbours! If any of them remain at home to see us, why, we are all in the same boat. There, six months ago not one of your high and mighty neighbours would have spoken to you, an old woman letting lodgings.”

“A-a-a-h!” [Faints. Cap falls off—curl papers.]

“Jemima, a glass of cold water and the bottle of prepared salts always found so refreshing by your distressed ma.” That was pompous Jack.

“And,” continued the Governor, in a breath, “in the third and last place, I don't care a straw what they say.”

After this he grew humorously logical. Mother recovered quickly enough when she found he did not mind her fainting, and then he explained that, if she would only reserve her fits for fashionable occasions, he had a compromise to propose. This was it:—That they had really been spending far more money than was good for them, and that, as the sole object of going out of town was for “the look of the thing,” he proposed to let the whole family have “the look of the thing” for as long as two or three months if they liked, at a grand total cost not exceeding thirty shillings! There, Exchequer Chancellors. There, givers of entertainments to large numbers. Equal that domestic economy if you can. A family counting six, besides encumbrances, to travel on the Continent three months at the extravagant rate of five shillings per head for the whole affair! The greatest miser that ever lived might have been persuaded to “see his way” on such terms; but Croesus, if taken in one of his jovial moods, would have said, “Five shillings, Wilkinson! Make it a million and I'll pay the bill.”

All, including Priscilla and myself, thought he had repented of his ill-temper, and that he meant to make amends; that what he had said about the “all for thirty shillings” was mere moonshine, or at best an intimation that he intended to be at least economical.

“When shall you be ready to start, girls? No necessity to waste a fortnight about preparations. I can make my arrangements by to-morrow morning, if you please.”

“Oh, Papa!” said Pris; “leave me at home to mind house. Ma and Jem will be enough for you to take care of.” Artful puss, thinking of that Lieutenant Major, of course.

“No, no; fair's fair. All or none.”

Ma and Jemima could be quite ready the first thing to-morrow morning, and so could brother John. They had prepared everything beforehand, certain of success. And so it was agreed.

Father soon after went out. “Home at seven to dinner.” I and Pris in despair. “Oh, Tom, Major!” “Oh, Pris, Letty Heathcote!” Out it came, the pair of us, thick and fast, boo-hooing like children, tears with heart's blood spots upon them. O miserable Fate! O hard-hearted parents! O Major! O Letty! You'd have thought every substantive had been Irish, had you heard our indiscriminate profusion of O's. We did not attempt to pack up, but passed all day in writing briny letters, and by seven o'clock we looked like a couple of scarecrows. A knock. There's Papa! Then a noise of a cart, and a single knock. It was Dowdals and Trimming's cart, the lindenrappers; and as the men undid the back-board an enormous roll of brown holland fell loose and ran across the road, as did also some yellow gauze for picture-frames. Then, by father's directions, the two men set to work to sew up everything in brown holland or yellow canvas, according to etiquette, and the work was speedily accomplished. On went the cart with the boys, to deliver all kinds of things with which we had nothing to do. At dinner father said,

“I'm not sorry, my dear, that those careless men upset the things in the road. There was not much damage done, and all the neighbours saw it. Consider the look of the thing! Is all packed up, girls?”

“Oh! yes, Pa. The fact is, we packed up yesterday,” answered Jemima, pertly.

“Very thoughtful! Then, as you are all somewhat excited to-night, perhaps you had better postpone unpacking until to-morrow; for not a ghost of out-of-town will any of you see this year.”

Hysterics for three. Two laughed outright.

“No, and no out-of-doors neither. You asked, ‘for the look of the thing,’ and I promised you should have it. But have the thing itself you shall not. The neighbours, through my careful directions, have seen the brown holland and yellow gauze for packing up the furniture, chandeliers, and pictures; and, of course, they will conclude that we are pilgrims of the Rhine. I have bound over the servants to secrecy, and put them on board wages. They will go out with their little baskets, and, by way of making the thing complete, they have my permission to invite their own policemen, together with any number of cousins. They also kindly undertake to abuse mother and the girls to all the drabs in the square, and to speak an unkind word for us all at the gin palace. And if that won't satisfy the neighbours that we are pilgrims of the Rhine, don't say it's my fault. The maids and Jeames will, of course, use the parlours; we the drawing-room, except, possibly, when the servants want it for company, when we shall have to retire to our own bed-rooms. I promised you all the look of the thing, and now you shall have it, for a couple of months at least!”

The old boy would not be pacified. He enjoyed the joke beyond conception, and the family was sold. We went on so for weeks. The quarrelling was tremendous amongst the three plotters. Father was in ecstasies of delight, nothing could disturb his flow of good humour; but the three were for ever accusing one another of “having been the cause of it all,” and so on. As for Pris and myself, we had been no parties to the pilgrims of the Rhine suggestion, and so we agreed that we were not morally bound to share the humorous, but tyrannical punishment. We made especial friends with Jeames, with housemaid, with cook. They got our letters out, and intrigued with the postman. Of course we soon communicated our horrid dilemma to Dick Major and Letty, and we tried no end of plans for stealing out and meeting people by moonlight alone. For exercise Pris taught me to skip, whilst I taught brother John to box, and the silly fellow would not learn; so, though I played with the gloves until I was dead tired, he suffered much more, and was actually becoming rather faint from constant loss of blood from the nose. His beautiful light blue eyes turned so black, and his hitherto hard, firm flesh became so soft, you've no notion—like a jelly. Such was the result of a cruel parent's treatment of his innocent offspring, which was gradually reducing his young and healthy son Tom to a premature grave, and his equally beautiful eldest daughter, Priscilla, to the verge of love with the footman—in the purest self-defence—when a slight accident occurred.

Now, I never stood at a trifle when a bit of fun was to be managed; and a pretty bit of fun I got up indeed. Of course, whilst we were staying out of town—at home—with every shutter closed, and burning gas and spermaceti, or composition, or whatever it is called, like mad, I was saving money, and could well afford a good game, having no chance of spending it outdoors. And so I resolved to give a party. A few friends, a little music, songs and piano, and an elegant little supper. The invitations were perhaps not quite so select as Ma might have wished, nor Jack, nor Jem; nor I omitted them, as well as father. The domestics of both sexes

were requested to favour us—Pris and me—and, need I say, Miss Letty Heathcote and Captain Major, late H.E.I.C.S. They agreed. Letty knew how to dodge from home one evening, and was instructed to inquire for Miss Ruffles, a kind of lady's-maid we had; and a very nice kind of lady's-maid she was, too. Stray baker's boys used to come miles to see her. Such a sweet tiny cap and ribbons Pris had given her; a stage apron, with little pockets; and the most delicious of rosy complexions, toned down with the demurest of high dresses, made her perfection. Major said he would come so that he should not be known from the windows, even if the clever people could see through iron shutters and all. Nicely arranged, I think! Cook got the supper in.

The evening arrived. The piano was in the dining-room and the supper in the back room. Of course all the brown holland and yellow gauze was removed for our festivities, and all promised to go as merry as a marriage bell. The governor saw the preparations, and laughed hugely; and, what is more, he insisted on endowing the party with a couple of bottles of sherry and a similar allowance of champagne. After dinner poor Priscilla was afflicted with one of those terrible headaches to which she had been such a martyr for at least a week, and so she stamped up to bed in her boots, and came down like a feather to the parlour in her dancing things. I had been studying hard for a week, and so kept to my own room, of course following her down stairs. Presently there comes a ring—a timid, gentle ring. It is Miss Letty Heathcote, looking quite dashing in such a pretty dress. Quite a “young person,” very frightened, but very full of fun—something between “Medea” and Miss Marie Wilton, let me say. Then follows Captain Major, in a policeman's uniform, the wretch! For a sovereign he has made arrangements with one of the day gentry to borrow his coat when the night force came on! It is not very decorous, certainly; but then there is nothing good in this world save the poetic or the grotesque, and it is as well to put up kindly with whichever of them we can get. But Major has no right to look upon the affair as a character-ball, to “take up” Priscilla in his arms in that way on a charge of being in love. I do not so much mind it for pretty Pris, who looks just like a daffodil growing up close beside a bluebell; but the example to others is so bad. There am I, for instance, betting five kisses with Miss Heathcote, two of them behind the door, and Jeames and Miss Ruffles are far too much occupied with themselves to have the faintest idea of what is going on amongst us. Shall it be a polka first? or a round game? or all fours? The fact is, we are all sixes and sevens, though there looks something like many double dummies looming in the future. Now for supper; but eating is much better than talking about eating. Supper is over, and we fall into that blissful condition when nothing short of a Niagara itself could arouse us to the outside world.

Fire! fire! In rushes the Governor, in a flannel dressing-gown, drenched to the skin. He had heard an alarm about the kitchen-chimney, and rushed down stairs, opening the street door at the very moment when an intelligent pupil of the charity school was turning the hose of the parish engine upon the keyhole. Down comes the old boy, and finds three or four pair of us, hand-in-hand, arm round neck, and apparently quite unaware that we are in the dining-room of Marcus Wilkinson, Esq., late of her Majesty's Stock Exchange, as he used to call it. I am ordered to my room, but do not go; neither does Pris, “who ought to be ashamed of herself,” and clings tight to True Blue. True Blue is threatened with instant dismissal from her Majesty's service; but he is roaring with laughter, and so father again turns to me.

“What am I to expect from all this, Sir?” says he.

“Only this,” I reply, bringing Letty forward by the hand.

“This!” clutching her by the other.

“Unhand that lady, at the hazard of your life, Sir. She is not the chieftain's daughter, but the daughter and heiress of your old school-friend and benefactor, Sir Reginald McKenzie Fitzwalter Heathcote, the great millionaire of Bush and Co., Lombard-street, and of Kennington Park—and—and my affianced bride! This (turning to True Blue) is the affectionate reciprocator of the artless affections of your eldest darling, Priscilla. Down, ladies and gentlemen. Pardon, Sir, on our eight knees!”

The last paragraph is a gross exaggeration of what really took place. But the whole of this true story is like a dream to us, and requires some exaggeration to give any idea of the reality. But, however that may be, after a very short time his reply was,

“Bless you, my children!” (Exaggeration again.)

The fact is, Marcus Wilkinson, Esq., late of her Majesty's Stock Exchange, was so delighted at Ma being accidentally deprived of her “look of the thing” that he forgave all. It was given out that the family returned home just as the fire-engine drove up; but the neighbours say there is nothing certain in this world.

E. F. B.

THE WOORALI ARROW POISON.

MUCH has been said and written, as scientific readers know, about the Woorali poison, better known under the name of *curare*, manufactured and used by the South American Indians to poison their arrows with, but we do not remember reading anything more complete or philosophical on the subject than Dr. Claude Bernard's article in this fortnight's *Revue des Deux Mondes*. From the fact that this poison, introduced into the system by the blood-vessels, causes paralysis and death in the course of a few minutes, it has been erroneously inferred that death by *curare* is perfectly free from pain of any kind. Dr. Bernard shows this not to be the case. He describes numerous experiments, from which it appears that one limb after another becomes gradually paralysed, the animal seemingly yielding to the influence of sleep; but even to the last moment it retains its intellectual faculties, and is, therefore, an intelligent being, possessing volition, but inclosed in a dead body refusing obedience to its will. It is, therefore, in the condition so often described by poets, of individuals condemned to live in an inanimate thing. When Tasso describes Clorinda incorporated in a majestic cypress, he supposed her still to possess the faculty of shedding tears. Even this poor consolation is denied the animal paralysed by *curare*, and it suffers all the tortures of strong volition without the possibility of obeying its impulse. Dr. Bernard shows that *curare*, in order to cause death, must pass through three stages. It must first be dissolved in the wound by the animal humours; thence it must be conveyed through the veins to the heart; and, lastly, it must be brought into contact with the organic elements of the body by passing into the arteries, and it only attacks the nervous system, without exercising any action on the muscular one except through the medium of the former. Hence a ligature effected above the wound will prevent the absorption of the poison into the system, and prevent death until the ligature is removed. Dr. Bernard now examines the question as to whether there is no remedy against the action of *curare*, and this is, perhaps, the most interesting part of his paper. First, why does the animal die? Because paralysis has gradually extended to the respiratory organs, and thus prevented the introduction of the necessary quantum of oxygen into the blood. Now, this oxygen may be administered by the mechanical insufflation of air; and experiment shows that by this operation the animal, though apparently dead, will revive, to relapse into its former state as soon as the operation is suspended. But by continuing it for a sufficient space of time, the poison will be gradually eliminated from the circulation by the vital functions, and in the end the life of the subject will be saved and no evil effects will follow the administration of the poison. But there is another way of attaining the same end, if the practitioner can act immediately after the infliction of the wound. This is effected by a ligature, as above stated, whereby only an insignificant quantity of the poison is allowed to pass into the system. Time is thus given for the elimination of that quantity. This being obtained, the ligature is removed, and immediately replaced as soon as another small portion of the poison has passed into the system. After the elimination is effected the ligature is taken off again and replaced, and so on until the whole poison has been eliminated by innocuous portions.

PRINCE HUMBERT OF ITALY.

It seems but the other day that "the King of Sardinia" was amongst the Royal visitors to England, and the London public became acquainted with his robust form and his jolly countenance, with its long, flowing moustache, not only from personal observation but from the portrait published in our columns. But events follow each other fast, and the King of Sardinia has become King of Italy, while to-day it is not he, but his eldest son, who is our guest. From the year 1831, when the direct male line of the house of Savoy died out with King Charles Felix, to the present time, events in Italy have marched onward at a marvellous pace.

Prince Charles Albert, of the house of Savoy-Carignano, came to the throne which, in 1849, he abdicated in favour of the present King; ten years afterwards, the Treaty of Villafranca and the Peace of Zurich added Lombardy to the kingdom, then followed part of the Papal States, and the duchies of Tuscany, Parma and Modena, while in 1860 the possessions of King Victor Emmanuel were again increased by the annexation of the Umbrian Marches and the two Sicilies. It is surely unnecessary to recapitulate the means by which the present Italian kingdom has been extended, and the title of the monarch made to embrace Italy instead of Sardinia. The man who held the foremost place in the events which led to these changes, and made Italy an independent Power in Europe, has but lately been our guest, and, with a noble simplicity which is his essential characteristic, refuses to accept any personal honours for having made a kingdom, and remains plain Joseph Garibaldi.

It may well be hoped that the Prince who is now amongst us sometimes thinks of this, and remembers that he himself was not born to his present title, but, in a sense, owes it to the simple patriot, the Italian sailor, who led the people to found that kingdom over which he will one day be called to reign.

There can be little doubt that the friends of Italy regard this young man with no little hope, especially as they profess to discern in him the qualities which are most desirable in a ruler, as well as the undoubted spirit which he is said to inherit. It may be his fate to consolidate and complete the work which has been commenced and carried on by the present leaders of Italian nationality, to rebuild that which has of necessity been pulled down, to exterminate that which remains of old abuse and oppression, and to give to Italy her true place in Europe. He has had many advantages to fit him for the work, and not the least of them that he was old enough to appreciate the effects of the battles of Magenta and Solferino, and to estimate all those subsequent events in which personally he had to take no part. One of the new generation, he will



PRINCE HUMBERT, CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY.

succeed to the rule of a new-born country with a knowledge of the causes which have led to present results, and with a full appreciation of all the benefits derived from a free Constitution and a liberal Government. That his visit to England has anything to do with political motives or education may be very doubtful; but it is certain that, while he remains here as our guest, he will of necessity learn something of the working of institutions by which those of his own country have to a certain extent been formed; and he will certainly be an honoured and a welcome guest. It was, of course, generally understood that the original visit of the Prince to Denmark was of a matrimonial character, and after having by anticipation conferred upon him the hand of the Princess Murat, who was also in the same way appropriated to the brother of the King of Spain, the newspapers have discovered that his visit to Copenhagen was referable to the Princess Dagmar, sister of the Princess of Wales, to whom, by-the-by, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia was also set down as a suitor during his almost simultaneous visit to the Danish capital. However, if newspaper reports had much foundation, the Royal family of Denmark would be destined to find some sort of compensation for the late tyranny of the Prussians and Austrians by their alliances with all the other great European Powers, for it has also been definitely stated that an engagement is on the tapis between the youthful Prince Imperial of France and the fascinating little Princess Thyra, with whom (next to her sister the Princess Alexandra) all London was so lately in love.

The young Prince of Italy, however, is just of an age when the scions of Royal houses begin to prepare for alliance. He was born on the 14th of March, 1844, and was the second of the children of the Archduchess Adelaide of Austria, whose death left Victor Emanuel a widower in the early part of 1855. The other members of the Royal family are Princess Clothilde, born March 2, 1843, married to Prince Napoleon in 1859; Prince Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, born May 30, 1845, holding the rank of Captain in the Italian army; Prince Otho, Duke of Montferrat, born July 11, 1846; and Princess Pia, born Oct. 16, 1847, married, in 1862, to King Louis I. of Portugal. Prince Humbert bears the title of Prince of Piedmont, and is Major-General in the Italian army and commander of the second regiment of cavalry.

The Prince, who travelled incognito, left Hamburg for Lübeck on the 22nd of last month, and proceeded thence to Copenhagen by the mail-steamer. On Sunday afternoon last his Royal Highness arrived at Southampton from Havre in the yacht of Prince Napoleon, accompanied by a numerous suite. He was met on his arrival by the Marquis d'Azeglio,



AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS SETTING UP A MILITARY TELEGRAPH IN WEST JUTLAND.

the Italian Minister, and several members of the legation, at whose house in Grosvenor-street he will reside during his stay in London.

On Monday his Royal Highness received the Portuguese Minister, the French Chargé d'Affairs, and several distinguished visitors, after which he drove round the western outskirts of the metropolis, returning to Grosvenor-street by way of St. James's Park and the Strand. In the evening he and his suite, with the Italian legation, dined with Lord and Lady Palmerston; and on Tuesday the party left London in order to be present at the Doncaster Race Meeting.

ERECTION OF A FIELD MILITARY TELEGRAPH BY AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS IN WEST JUTLAND.

SOME of us remember the striking passage in which the eloquent Frenchman—whom Mr. Disraeli "conveyed" without acknowledgment in his *Wellington éloge*—refers to the importance of fractions of time in military operations. The stupid girl who had got confused in her biography said Nelson won the Battle of Trafalgar all through being a quarter of an hour before his time. Inaccurate as she was, she had some idea that the Earliest Intelligence and the Latest Intelligence are of importance to commanders of fleets and armies.

Thus the telegraph, in one form or another, must always be an important aid in warfare. If one side could have it, and keep the other out of it, it would often be easy to turn the scale of victory with a message sent along the wire at the right time. Napoleon said there was always one precise critical moment in a battle, which he could discern at a glance. In the manoeuvres of an extended campaign, as well as in actual conflict, such moments must often occur—times when the whole current of a general's procedure must be vitally influenced by his knowing or not knowing that such or such a manoeuvre has been made by his antagonist.

We need not describe the modern telegraph; it is as familiar an object as the rail or the pillar-post. Our Engraving, from a drawing taken on the spot in Jutland, shows the setting-up of a field-telegraph by Austrian soldiers, and it requires little explanation. The first soldier measures the distance; then come four others, with the little handcart upon which the wire is seen rolled round a drum. One of the four turns the drum-handle; the hinder one "reels out" the wire. The sixth man behind makes a hole in the ground with an iron "dib," for the telegraph-staff to stand in; the seventh sticks the staff provisionally into the hole that has been dug for it; the eighth puts the wire through the aperture; the ninth and last soldier, coming after the rest, does the final stading and adjusting of this simple apparatus; and the work is complete.



MASTER WILLIE PAPE, THE YOUNG AMERICAN PIANIST—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M'LANE.)

WILLIE PAPE, THE PIANIST.

THE eminent juvenile pianist, Willie Barnesmore Pape, the subject of the accompanying Portrait, was born at Mobile, Alabama, on the 27th of February, 1850. His talent for music was noticed when he was only four years old. In 1854 his father commenced giving him instruction, and such was his progress that he played at an exhibition of the new organ of St. John's Cathedral, in Mobile, one of Bach's voluntaries, before an audience of over 2000 persons, in 1858. He was admitted a member of the Alabama Philharmonic Society, and up to January, 1861, he had the honour to be a

soloist at every concert given by that society. At this time his father was advised to place him under some distinguished master in Europe; and for this purpose he left Mobile in January, 1861, and was about taking passage for England when the intelligence arrived of the secession of Alabama from the Union. This determined his father to remain for a time in New York, until the result of this disunion sentiment should be known. In the mean time the boy was placed under the tuition of Sebastian Bach Mills, a graduate of Leipzig, with whom he went through a course of classical study.

Master Pape appeared publicly in New York for the first time in May, 1861, in the course of soirées at the Stuyvescent Institute, with M^{rs}. Anna Bishop, and astonished the public by his extraordinary execution and wonderful memory.

In July he made his first appearance at the Academy of Music, New York, playing pieces by Beethoven, Thalberg, and Liszt. In February, 1862, he accepted an engagement in Havannah, where he secured the patronage of the Captain-General, Count Serrano. After spending a few weeks in Havannah, he returned to the United States, and was invited by the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn to be their soloist at their concert of the 8th of May, at which he met with the most marked applause, both from the audience and the press. After a short engagement in New York, with M^{lle}. Patti and other distinguished artistes, he took a tour through Canada, making the acquaintance of the Governor-General, Lord Monck, and other noblemen and gentlemen, who took a kindly interest in the young pianist and gave him introductory letters to many influential personages in England. Master Pape made his first public appearance in England at M^{rs}. Puzzi's matinée, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on April 27, 1863, where he made a most successful début, and was highly spoken of by all the leading journals. He has since played more than once at the Hanover-square Rooms and at St. James's Hall with great applause, has had the honour of performing before every member of the Royal family, and has altogether, during the time he has been in England, achieved a most legitimate and marked success.

BARNET FAIR.

IN a little alley, which offers a convenient and near "cut" from our street to the main road, resides our greengrocer. He is a most wonderful man, being at once the most shrewd, and shiftless, and idle, and everlastingly active fellow that ever was born. Ours is a new neighbourhood, and we are very glad to patronise Mr. Tibbits and his perambulating store. Blending with the music of the morning muffin-bell you may hear his melodious voice chanting a praise of his cabbages and his plums of "Arlene." At midday he



THE HIGH STREET, BARNET, DURING THE FAIR.

may be seen retailing coals, in the afternoon toiling to some carpet-ground with a cartload of dirty carpeting, and his early evenings are consumed in moving goods or servants' luggage. After that he disappears, and is seen no more that night except by the policeman and such of the public as may happen to be abroad at midnight. Then he is drunk; not helplessly so, as inasmuch as he is able to keep his legs by hanging heavily on to the chorus of the last rollicking stave sung at "The Jolly Sandboys;" but very tipsy indeed, beyond question.

This was so last night, the night before, and every night; yet to-morrow morning, certain as the rising sun, and even before the sun has risen, Mr. Tibbits will be again afoot and at work. It is the invariable habit of this indefatigable one—this cabbage-bawling, carpet-beating, gravel-carting, coal-selling, goods-re-moving, servants'-box-conveying, "Jolly Sandboy"-boosing person, who never seeks his own door until that of the public-house is closed against him—it is this man's custom to work fifteen hours, to waste five, and take no more than the little remainder for rest, summer and winter, all the year round. It must be so. Covent-garden is a "solid" seven miles from Mr. Tibbits's abode, which makes the double journey fourteen, to say nothing of market stoppages and a load to take home. Mr. Tibbits has but one holiday a year, and that is at Barnet autumn fair time.

It was only within the last few days that I became acquainted with the fact that he gave himself this holiday. On the morning of Tuesday week his voice was unheard in the street, and we thought, to be sure, that the poor man was ill. Happening, however, that morning to avail myself of his short-cut alley, I was agreeably surprised to perceive a German band before his door, which it was only natural to suppose would scarcely be allowed if anything very terrible ailed the poor greengrocer. On arriving opposite his shop my mind was set quite at ease as regarded apprehensions as to Mr. Tibbits's state of health, though I could not quite make out the state of affairs, for there, arrayed in bran-new corduroys and a starched and snowy shirt, was our worthy greengrocer himself, adjusting his blue bird's-eye neckerchief by aid of a bit of looking-glass stuck against the wall. The cause of his banishment from the little parlour behind the shop was evident, a gorgeously-bonneted head being there visible "putting itself to rights" in the glass over the mantel-shelf. Having arranged the neckerchief to his satisfaction, Mr. T. donned a waistcoat of elaborate design and of the pattern known as "the dog's-paw," and, with his thumbs hooked in the armholes thereof, came to the door, with his hair radiant of bear's-grease and his face beaming with happiness, to view the musicians; wagging his head like a loyal subject as the tow-haired vagabonds squeaked and squealed from their brazen instruments that magnificent anthem, "God Bless the Prince of Wales," after the performance of which he appeared much relieved, and, producing a half-gallon can from under the shop-counter and inviting the instrumentalists to drink, inquired if they knew something "a little rousier," whereon they struck up "Annie Laurie," but had scarcely proceeded as far as "Maxwellton braes" when Mr. T. imperiously waved them to silence. "That's a rare rouser, that is," said he, with mild sarcasm; "ain't you got sense enough to serve your customers with wot's in season? Something in this style, now;" and clearing his throat, Mr. T. favoured the astonished Teutons with the first verse of the ancient stave,

Er older you grow, here's a song you should know,
I'd advise you to buy and to learn it,
Tother day 't happened so, with a friend I did go
To see the famed races of Barnet.
Sing fol-de-rol fol-de-rol-lay.

It needed not the appearance at this juncture of Mr. Tibbits's cart and horse (the former clean washed and with three Windsor chairs ranged in it, betokening "a party," and the latter with his mane and tail neatly plaited and tied with cherry-coloured ribbons) to explain the mystery. The cat was out. Our greengrocer was going to Barnet Fair. Without doubt this was his holiday of the year. Christmas was nothing to him, for, as I distinctly recollect, he left word the day before "that if extra fruit or anything was wanted, he should be open all day;" on Derby Day he was bawling green-peas and gooseberries; on the Mondays of Whitsun and Easter he was seen at a neighbouring fair with his cart, and up to his elbows in damaged dates, driving a roaring trade. What was there about Barnet Fair that could attract our hard-working greengrocer so powerfully?

I was still puzzling over this problem when I reached the main road (the Holloway-road, which is the direct line to Barnet), and a glance revealed the fact that Tibbits was but one of a thousand bound for the ancient battle-ground whereon four hundred years ago the great Earl of Warwick was defeated and slain. The highway was alive with Barnet fairgoers, and to a man they were of the Tibbits sort, though, as a rule, and if appearances might be trusted (and surely, on such a day they might), not nearly so well to do. Rattling down the road as it presently did (with three on the cart-seat, and the Windsor chairs all occupied—four gentlemen and two ladies in all, the former enjoying at once a "chaw" and a smoke out of their cheroots, and with dahlias decorating the breast buttonholes of their velvet coats), Mr. T.'s equipping outdone by many degrees the generality, which were costermongerish in the extreme. Donkey carts and donkeys were decidedly the majority; handbarrows with elongated handles to attach a quadruped between, and burdened with four and even six hulking men and women, to say nothing of the big stone bottle and the bushel-basketful of victuals. Donkey drays, "half-carts," "shallows," and every other sort of vehicular device peculiar to costermongery, had its representative, drawn by every known shape in equine nature—donkeys fat, and sleek, and prize-worthy, and donkeys spavined, lame, and chapfallen, and looking as though they had been stabled in a damp cellar till mildew had seized on their hides; ponies, fast-trotters, glossy-coated, long-tailed, and friky, and poor wretched things with that haggard, careworn expression which is the old, ill-used pony's peculiarity; young fiery horses, which were hard to hold in, and splay-legged, Roman-nosed, ancient brutes, which were hard to hold up; "kickers," "roarers," "jibbers," "vixens of fierce blood, and who could do anything but behave themselves, and meek, languid, washed-out horses, with drooping ears, drooping eyes, drooping everything, too deeply settled in melancholy to be stirred by whipcord, and who swung one leg before the other like clockwork horses wound up to their best, and never blinked an eye, let their drivers batter their ribs how they might, and curse and swear in a way calculated to startle them, if anything would. So that, taken as a whole, the road presented a very lively picture; and people said it was many years since there had been such a "Barnet," and generally attributed the improvement to the abolition of turnpikes. Why should not I go to Barnet Fair? True, I had no fast trotter and light-sprung cart, nor even a donkey and barrow; but the railway was close at hand, and for an insignificant sum I might, in a very few minutes, be translated quietly at my ease to the coveted spot.

I went, and arrived there about noon. My first impression was my last, and still remains—viz, that Barnet Fair is a disgrace to civilisation. I have witnessed a Warwickshire "mop" fair; I have some recollection of "Bartlemy;" I was at Greenwich when, on account of its increasing abominations, the fair that so long afflicted that Kentish borough was held for the last time; but take all these, and skim them for their scum and precipitate them for their dregs, and even then, unless you throw in a very strong flavouring of the essence of Old Smithfield on a Friday, and a good armful of Colney Hatch and Earlswood sprigs, you will fail to make a brew equal to that of Barnet. It is appalling. Whichever way you turn—to the High-street, where the public-houses are—to the open, where the horse-dealing is in progress—to the booths, and tents, and stalls—brutality, drunkenness, or brazen rascality stare you in the face unwinkingly. Plague-spots thought to be long ago "put down" by the law and obliterated from among the people here appear bright and vigorous as of old—card-sharps, dice-sharps, manipulators of the "little pea," and gentlemen adept at the simple little game known as "prick the garter." Wheels of fortune and other gaming-tables obstructed the paths. "Roogie-it-nor, gentlemen; a French game, gentlemen; just brought over;

one can play as well as forty, and forty as well as one. Pop it down, gentlemen, on the black or on the red, and, whatever the amount, it will be instantly kivered! Faint heart never won fair lady, so pop it down while the indicator is revolving! Red wins, and four half-crowns to you, Sir; keep hof or gold is all we ask; our silver we don't wally! Not in a hole-and-corner way this, but bold and loud-mouthed as goods hawked by a licensed hawk.

Disgusting brutality, too, had its representatives in dozens. There were the tents of the pugilists, where, for the small charge of two-pence, might be seen the edifying spectacle of one man bruising and battering another; there was the booth of the showman who amused the public by lying on his back and allowing three half-hundredweights to be stacked on the bridge of his nose; there was the gentleman who put leaden pellets in his eyes and drove rows of pins at a blow into a fleshy part of his leg; and there was a lean and horrible savage (a "Chicksaw" the showman said he was, "from the island of High Barbaree") who ate live rats. Decidedly, this was the show of the fair. An iron-wire cage, containing thirty or forty rats, hung at the door, and beside it stood the High Barbarian, grinning, and pointing at the rats, and smacking his blubberous lips significantly. The sight was more than the people could stand; they rushed and scrambled up the steps, paying their pennies with the utmost cheerfulness; and, when the place was full, the performance was gone through to their entire satisfaction. The High Barbarian really did eat the rats. He set the cage before him, and, thrusting in his hand, stirred the animals about till he found one to his liking, then he ate it as one would eat an apple.

It was among the horses, however, where the chief business was doing, as may be easily understood when it is remembered that fully nine tenths of the thousands that swarm the town and the fair ground have in view the sale, or purchase, or "swap" of a horse, mule, or donkey. Go to the horse market in Copenhagen-fields any Friday, and it will be found that the chief difficulty the market officers encounter in the exercise of their duty consists in the presence of a score or so of donkey-dealing ruffians, who set law and order at defiance; a slangy, low-browed, bull-necked, county-cropped, spindle-legged, lantern-jawed, big-chinned, long-waisted, tight-breeched crew, lithe and muscular, carrying a thick ash stick with a spike at the end of it, and utterly refusing to be "regulated." Let the reader imagine such a crew multiplied a hundredfold at the very least, and sprinkle amongst them a few butchers, a few soldiers, and more than a few blowsy, flashily-dressed costermonger women, and a hundred or so decent-looking folk who have come innocently to Barnet to buy a horse; make a mob of these, and distribute amongst it all the riff-raff and rubbish in the way of horse and donkey flesh to be found within twenty miles of London, and a feeble realisation of the picture presented at the end of the High-street, looking into the space where the horse fair is held, will be the result. Some such scene as this is presented to the eye; but who shall describe the bedlam Babel of sound that arises from the busy, ever-shifting, motley mob? Fifty negotiations towards a sale are taking place at one and the same time, each one accompanied by an amount of yelling, and bellowing, and whip-slashing, and whistling which must have been pleasant to the ears of the "Chicksaw" rater, as reminding him of the habits and customs of his tribe. Such a thing as a "quiet sale" is unknown at Barnet. The big-chinned one, with the battered white hat and the thoughtless whip, suddenly perceives a timid person of milkmanish mien furtively eyeing a gaunt, wall-eyed quadruped which he (the big-chinned one) has for sale. Instantly he slips the brute's halter from the post, and, vaulting on his back, proceeds to execute several daring feats of horsemanship, not the least of which is dashing amongst the crowd, which is quite unprepared for the manoeuvre. A dozen of the horse-dealer's friends are on the alert and strenuously exert themselves to bring out the "points" of the animal for the milkman's inspection; they shriek, they make hideous whistlings on their fingers, they clap their hands, they take off their hats and drum frantically on the inside with the butt-ends of their whips; and, when the intended purchaser is supposed to have arrived at a proper appreciation of the animal's valuable qualities, his rider dismounts as abruptly as he mounted, and, leading the panting steed up to the milkman, ejaculates, "Four pun'ten!" Should the milkman buy, you cannot miss the fact. "Hoi, hoi! sold again! sold again!" is roared by the partisans of the wall-eyed one's late owner, who immediately crowd around him to receive the reward of their meritorious exertions.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

If London be the only city in Great Britain in which opera is cultivated with success, there are other styles of music which have taken refuge and found most hospitable asylums in the provinces. A new cantata is seldom produced for the first time in London, a new oratorio never. The Sacred Harmonic Society detests novelties; the Philharmonic Society does not love them; even the Musical Society does not particularly care about them—and thus, with all the musical associations that exist in the metropolis, and with new works constantly being composed, it nevertheless rarely happens that a new work, not being an opera, is brought out for the first time anywhere but in a country town. Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," Macfarren's "May Day," Benedict's "Undine," would with difficulty have obtained a hearing—or, rather, would with difficulty have obtained a chance of being heard—in London, had they not been introduced beforehand to the notice of the musical world at the Birmingham, Norwich, and other great festivals.

What do the amateurs of music do in these festival towns during the three years that pass, unenlivened by music of any kind, after each grand festival? One would think that London, where musical performances of one kind or another are to be had all the year through, ought to be the great centre for musical novelties of every description, and that good music well executed, without reference to its newness, would be enough to satisfy audiences who have so seldom an opportunity of hearing music at all. Good reasoning, however, is constantly upset by obstacles in the shape of facts. They will have new music at these great festivals, and Birmingham has a special reputation for producing new and important works at festival-time which it is by no means disposed to forfeit.

Birmingham cannot always give us an "Elijah." But when there are no Mendelssohns, there are always Costas to be had, and Birmingham has this year presented us with a "Naaman," of which it is enough, just now, to say that it has thrown all the critics (some of them for the third time) into ungovernable ecstasies. Twice it has been rehearsed in a half-public manner and once publicly performed; and already a triple crown of praise has been awarded to it. May the public be half as favourable to "Naaman" a few years hence as the critics are now, and may its reputation among musicians be greater than that of the same composer's "Eli" has been!

Besides the oratorio of "Naaman," Birmingham has just produced two new cantatas—one the composition of that well-known and highly-esteemed musician, Mr. Henry Smart, the other of Mr. Sullivan, who only lately commenced his career, but whose first works are full of promise. Both the cantatas were well received at Birmingham, and it is to be hoped, will be reproduced before long in London—until which time we defer expressing any opinion about them.

The general result of the Birmingham Festival, considered as a charitable undertaking, is that the receipts have amounted to £13,075, of which a clear balance of £4000 will go to the Birmingham General Hospital. Upwards of 14,000 tickets were sold, and enough "books of the words" were disposed of to produce £350.

THE INTEREST taken in the Müller case is shown by the death of a printer's boy on whose body an inquest was held on Wednesday. He allowed his mind to dwell so much on hanging, that he got to a trial of experiments and so hanged himself.

DWELLINGS FOR THE LABOURING CLASSES.

It is a hopeful sign of the times that the domestic condition of the working classes of the metropolis, which has for years past engaged the earnest attention of thoughtful and benevolent men, is now being improved to an extent of which comparatively few people are, perhaps, aware. At no time, probably, has the work of improvement, in this respect, ever taken a more practical turn, or been more vigorously prosecuted than at present. The Corporation of the city of London has recently set apart a valuable plot of ground near Farringdon-road, Clerkenwell, and voted £120,000 towards the erection of houses expressly for working men and their families; Miss Burdett Coutts has lately expended about £50,000 for a similar purpose in the district of Bethnal-green; Lord Stanley and his co-trustees have devoted upwards of £20,000 of the munificent gift of Mr. George Peabody to the erection of a substantial and commodious block of houses in the heart of Spitalfields; and are building others on a much larger scale in Essex-road, Islington; and the company in the City, established by Mr. Alderman Waterlow, and of which Lord Stanley is chairman, has raised upwards of £30,000 for a like object. It will be recollected that the Alderman, from his own resources, built several blocks of improved dwellings in a crowded part of Finsbury, which were opened about eighteen months ago. Others are being erected at his expense in the same quarter, where they are much needed. The company with which he is connected have recently purchased sites on which to construct more—in Bagnidge-wells-road and in Old-street, St. Pancras-road, close to the Great Northern Railway station at King's-cross. On the latter plot five blocks of buildings are in course of erection similar to others which are being erected at Wapping and Southwark, each of which provides suitable accommodation for twenty families. These buildings will probably be ready for occupation by Christmas. The company propose to expend £3200 in improved dwellings in Redcross-street, Southwark, for sixteen families, with two shops and basements, at a gross rental of £440; £7200 in Brewhouse-lane, Wapping, for sixty families, at a rental of £850; £14,200 in Old St. Pancras-road, for 100 families, at a rental of £1,602; and £3230 in King's Cross-road, Bagnidge-wells, for twenty families, at a rental of £382. While these varied and practical efforts are all being made in the same direction, never, probably was there greater need for them. From the city of London especially the working classes are being fast driven away, in the rage for railway enterprise and public improvements, no one knows where, but probably to crowd still more districts already densely populated. The value of ground in the City has increased to a fabulous amount. We stated in the present year in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House on ground bought for the purpose, at the enormous rate of £1,800,000 the statute acre. For the small plot of freehold on which the Weigh-house Chapel stands on Fish-street-hill, and which thirty years ago cost £7000, a railway company has offered £95,000, besides compensating Mr. Binney, the minister. Again, the Grocers' Company are reported to have offered £40,000 for the little chapel in the Poultry belonging to a congregation of Independents. The depopulation, then, for obvious reasons, as respects working men, has been going on for some time in the City, where, as residents, they have come to be regarded as only encumbering the ground. At the same time, more and more of them are now employed daily in it than at any former period, and it is a first consideration with them to live within a moderate distance from their work. All the spots selected as sites for improved dwellings up to this time are at easy distances from the parts of the town where labour of all kinds is in most demand. Those erected at the cost of Miss Burdett Coutts at Columbia-square, Bethnal-green, afford by far the largest amount of accommodation as they are the most imposing in appearance of any in London. They consist of four blocks, each five stories high, and form a square, with a large and commodious playground in the centre. There are in all 189 separate tenements, accessible by common entrances and stairs, and inhabited at present by a community of 708 persons, of whom 417 are adults and 280 are children. They are fitted up with every domestic convenience, and with a proper regard to ventilation and drainage. The whole square is said to have cost about £50,000 in the erection. The rents vary, according to the number of rooms, from 5s. 6d. to 2s. a week, and produce a gross annual sum of about £1800. Of the present occupants forty-nine are porters and forty-six labourers. The rest, in smaller numbers, are for the most part woodcarvers and turners, cabinetmakers, carpenters, corkcutters, clerks, weavers, stonemasons, harnessmakers, compositors, and bookbinders. In the centre of the playground is a very handsome clock tower with tapering spire, and surrounded by flowering plants well tended. Flowers and creeping plants adorn most of the windows of the occupants, and the whole place has an air of cheerfulness and comfort, in marked contrast with the squalor and poverty of some parts of the surrounding neighbourhood. The Peabody block is situated in Commercial-street, Spitalfields, and is built on precisely the same plan as those of Miss Coutts. It was opened in February of the present year, and has from the first been fully occupied. There, as in Columbia-square, some hundreds of applications have been made for apartments whenever they may happen to become vacant. The block in Commercial-street gives house accommodation to 231 persons in all, including fifty-three men, fifty-six women, and 122 children—the number of rooms being 126. The site selected for the next series of buildings which the trustees of Mr. Peabody are about to erect, and which will be three times as large as that in Spitalfields, is in Green Man's-lane, Essex-road, Islington.

MÜLLER'S DEFENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT of a contemporary states that, in an interview which he was allowed to have with Müller in the prison, the prisoner proceeded to say that on the night of Mr. Briggs's murder he left his boarding-place shortly after supper, rode to London Bridge, as he was troubled with a lame leg, a cart having run over his foot a few days previously and bruised it; that he walked across London Bridge and took another omnibus to Camberwell New-road. Going into a public-house in that locality, he drank a glass of beer, and remained there until half-past nine, when he again took an omnibus to return to London Bridge. On recrossing the bridge and going to the Royal Exchange, which he reached about ten o'clock, he found that the last omnibus had left, and he was obliged to walk home. In consequence of the lameness of his foot it was eleven o'clock before he reached there, and all the folks had gone to bed. He made his way to his room as soon as possible, and saw none of them until the next morning. "I told Müller," writes the correspondent, "after he had completed his statement, that much curiosity was felt to know how he came in possession of the hat and watch which were said to belong to Mr. Briggs. He promptly answered that he purchased the hat at a shop in London a year ago. The watch he stated he bought of a pedlar on the docks the Monday before he sailed. The vessel left port on Friday, and he narrated the circumstances as follows:—The pedlar had rings and other trinkets for sale, and upon Müller stepping up to look at them he offered him this watch. Müller had but £4 and three half-crowns in his pocket, money which he had been saving up to purchase his passage-ticket to America, and when the pedlar offered him the watch for £6, he replied by offering £4 for it. This was refused, and Müller turned to go away, but he had taken such a fancy to the watch that he determined to purchase it, if he could, by the payment of all the money in his possession (£4 and three half-crowns), and this the pedlar finally accepted. When he got the watch in his possession he said he was afraid it might be worthless, and so he went to Mr. Death's, in Cheapside, to exchange the chain, thinking that, if this proved to be pure gold, the watch also must be as valuable as it seemed to be. 'Then,' said I, 'Mr. Death's statement was correct. You bartered the chain with him?' 'Yes,' Müller answered. 'Had you heard of Mr. Briggs's murder,' I asked, 'when you bought the watch?' 'I had,' he replied; 'but I did not think of the watch being his. How was it you happened to take passage for America just at that time?' 'Oh!' said he, 'I had been intending for some time to come here to follow my trade, and had given my landlady notice a fortnight before that I meant to leave.' 'Another question,' I said. 'You have just told me that you gave all the money you had for the watch; where did you raise funds to pay for your passage-ticket?' 'I pawned the watch-chain,' he answered, 'and afterwards sold the ticket.' 'Certainly,' I replied, 'that could not have been sufficient?' 'No,' said he; 'I had a gold watch before I purchased the one said to belong to Mr. Briggs, which I sold, and which brought me sufficient.' You will remember that several of the witnesses who have testified before the London tribunals have stated that Müller had no gold watch previous to the time that he secured possession of Mr. Briggs's. Bearing this fact in mind, I did not think it worth while to push my inquiries further, and, after a few unimportant remarks, took leave of Müller. During the conversation, he bore himself with great composure, and was never at a loss to answer any questions that I put to him. He was dressed in the same clothes he wore when in court, with the single exception that he was without a coat. His shirt had apparently just come from the hands of the washerwoman, and was consequently clean. His pants were threadbare, but were neatly brushed, and on the whole his appearance was as much in his favour as it could have been expected to be. As I turned to leave the 'Tomb,' the warden remarked, 'He is a hard case, you may depend upon it; his mouth shows that.'

EXPENDITURE ON SHIPS.—An annual return shows that in the financial year ending the 31st of March, 1864, the sum of £457,979 was expended on ships and vessels building in the dockyards. Of this sum as much as £180,315 was expended on the Achilles, bringing the total expenditure on that ship up to £381,025; and £245,636 on five other armour-plated vessels—the Bellerophon, Enterprise, Lord Clyde, Lord Warden, and Pallas. On the fifteen ships or vessels built or building by contract, or purchased, the expenditure amounted to £585,361—£181,264 on the Azincourt, £144,922 on the Minotaur, and £232,318 on five other armour-plated vessels—the Black Prince, Hector, Northumberland, Prince Albert, and Valiant; £236,264 was expended on ships commenced as wooden ships and converted into iron-cased vessels while building; and £73,408 on the Royal Sovereign wooden ship, converted into an iron-cased cupola-ship. The expenditure on ships and vessels fitting out and refitting, repairs, and maintenance brings the whole outlay up to £2,848,397.

LAW AND CRIME.

FRANZ MÜLLER, accused of the murder of Mr. Briggs, has been surrendered by the authorities in America to the care of the English officers sent out in pursuit. As we have hitherto done, we refrain from speculations upon the probabilities of his guilt or innocence. It was enough to justify his extradition that a *prima facie* case should be made out against him. But it must not be forgotten that, by the very fact of his having left England for America, Müller had placed himself further from the means of defence, than of accusation. All his evidence, if he have any, must be produced in England. Even could proof of an alibi have been brought forward in America, it would scarcely have been competent for the American Judge to have admitted it. Müller is fetched to England for trial, not necessarily for condemnation and sentence. This point was put, with remarkable conciseness, by Mr. Commissioner Newton, who heard the case at New York. The learned gentleman said, "It is not necessary for me to determine absolutely that he is guilty of the crime. The fact to determine is—has a crime been committed? If it has been committed, is there probable cause, upon the evidence, to show that the party accused has committed the crime?" These few words contain the whole gist of the matter, so far as international treaties for extradition are concerned. The case of Anderson, the fugitive slave, who killed one of his pursuers, is by this course of argument placed out of the question. Anderson slew some one who assaulted him in the endeavour to arrest and capture him as a runaway slave. Such an act is not a crime in England, where slavery is not recognised, and where every man may justifiably commit homicide in defence of his own life or liberty when unlawfully imperilled. It would have been, indeed, absurd for the authorities of the Northern States to declare that the state of slavery ought to be recognised abroad, when they are, or pretend to be, waging a civil war to enforce its abolition at home.

A fellow was brought before the Lord Mayor and charged with a robbery accompanied by violence. The prosecutrix, a maiden lady, was passing along Cornhill (one of the most frequented thoroughfares in London) at noon-day, when the prisoner met her, stared at her until she stopped, then seized her by the throat, snatched her watch and chain, and made off, leaving her fainting from the effects of pain and terror. He was caught by a gentleman who witnessed the act. After these facts had been proved the prisoner was asked what he had to say, when he replied, "As to the violence, I have only to say that I used no more violence than was necessary to secure the watch!" This statement was received with laughter by the hearers. It was, however, serious enough upon the part of the prisoner. For, if convicted, he may be liable to be whipped for the assault combined with the robbery. His indication of his probable line of defence shows that the recent addition to the sentence in such cases is well known and dreaded by criminals of his class.

Mr. Alderman Challis has before him a charge under the new Refreshment Act. The defendant, a tavern-keeper in Fleet-street, had, it was alleged, sent out beer and other liquor after one o'clock in the morning to a newspaper office. The Alderman dismissed the case, upon the ground that the tavern had been closed, and that therefore the supposed offence was not such within the meaning of the Act, "the object of which was to prevent persons seating themselves for the purpose of drinking only, and keeping the houses open for improper characters to assemble. It was not intended that persons who were engaged in their necessary duties elsewhere should be deprived of their necessary refreshment, having it sent to them."

The Government inquiry as to the misdoings at the Isle of Portland is still proceeding; but, from what we can gather, with but little chance of reaching many of the principal offenders. Witnesses who, only upon the utmost coercion, might have given important evidence, have disappeared from the island. The matter has been managed easily enough, and this is how it was done. Contractors received orders for certain goods, and receipts for these were given at the prison-gates. The orders authorised certain portions to be left with persons, officials and others, not the proper recipients. The contractors hold the orders and the invoices, duly receipted. But if the carmen have gone elsewhere for work, who is to testify where the goods were actually delivered? There may be documents to prove the misappropriation on the road, but there is nothing to prevent their destruction; and in a wild, insular district, such as Portland, no man cares or dares to inform upon himself and his neighbours. The public purse has long been robbed of thousands annually by the system carried out at Portland. It has been no one's business to prevent malversation of the prison stores, and it is, therefore, no wonder that these have been embezzled wholesale. Curious stories may be heard respecting these misdoings; but we fear that the Government has scarcely yet fallen upon all the available tracks. An inquiry into the proportion between the salaries and the notorious expenditures of certain officials would be a step, though only one, in the proper direction.

The muddle which the Lord Chancellor has made of his attempted radical reform of our Bankruptcy Law is exemplified almost daily in the law reports. The Court of Bankruptcy, unlike other courts, can enjoy no vacation. Only a few days since his Lordship had to hear an appeal case at his private residence, and was forced to admit that he could not afford a relief clearly within the intent, though not within the provisions, of his own Act. The case, which we have already recorded, was that of a debtor executing in due form a deed of arrangement with his creditors while a prisoner under a writ of execution. Upon applying for his release, he found to his cost that there was no power in the statute for the Commissioner to order his discharge. The Lord Chancellor could only refer him to the Judge at common law to set aside the common-law writ. But Mr. Justice Shee, the vacation Judge at chambers, has also strong doubts as to his own powers in this respect. The following remarkable statement was made to the learned Judge by the prisoner's attorney:—

Mr. Catlin said the question was now becoming very serious. The Lord Chancellor had decided that he had no power to release sitting in bankruptcy, and the commissioners had, acting on that opinion, declined to discharge. The only remedy was to a common-law judge, and if he held that it was not a valid deed, imprisonment was likely to be perpetual, as the Lord Justices had held that a man who had made a composition deed could not make himself a bankrupt. Eventually the case stood adjourned for further examination. This is the result of intermeddling, by the ablest of abstract theorists, with matters in which they have not acquired practical experience. The Court of Bankruptcy is a bugbear to creditors. Henceforth composition deeds may reasonably be regarded with terror by debtors. Meanwhile, if common report be correct, the Court of Bankruptcy does not pay its own expenses; although certain family connections of the Lord Chancellor are making a very good thing out of the snug places to which they have been appointed.

POLICE.

THE TALLY SYSTEM.—A poor man, who gave the name of Edward James, applied to the magistrate at the Lambeth Police Court for his advice and assistance. He said that on Monday, during his absence, four men came to his house and stripped it of £5 worth of property on a warrant of distress for £1 4s. or thereabouts. The applicant here handed up some papers to Mr. Norton, from which it appeared that the warrant had been issued on two debts sued for by a tallyman in the Waterloo-road, in the Lambeth and Southwark County Courts.

Mr. Norton (to applicant)—Have you had any summonses in these cases?

Applicant—No, Sir, I have received no summons.

Mr. Norton—What! no summons? It was necessary that summonses should be issued in such cases. Do you know anything of the debt?

Applicant—Nothing whatever.

Mr. Norton—But I suppose your wife does?

Applicant—She tells me she does not.

Mr. Norton—Does she deny having goods from this tallyman?

Applicant—She assures me she had not.

Mr. Norton—Well, it is not a matter in which I can give you any assistance. You must go to the County Court, and make your complaint to the Judge there.

AN ORPHAN CHILD'S DESPAIR.—A very comfortably clad and well-grown child, named Sarah Keefe, was charged with cutting her own throat with a razor.

Mrs. Ann Baldwin said that she was at present taking charge of her sister's house, 29, Stanley-street, Pimlico, as her sister had gone with her husband into the country for a few days. The prisoner, their servant, having heard that her aunt was out of town, on Saturday began crying about it, and nothing could pacify her. She was much distressed in mind apparently both Sunday and Monday morning, and declared that she felt herself so miserable that she did not know what to do. She said she was thinking about her dead mother, and how her aunt had gone away. Yesterday, at dinner hour, she cut her throat, and with a razor. I heard her go up stairs just before, and I called her to come to her dinner, and, receiving no answer, I sent my little boy up stairs. When he got into her bed-room he saw her kneeling on the floor with her head upon a chair, and the blood was oozing from her throat, which was cut. My little boy came down very much alarmed, and I sent immediately for a doctor. (Witness here fainted, and was removed from the court.)

A policeman stated that he found the child with her throat cut, and, after taking her to St. George's Hospital, conveyed her to the workhouse.

Mr. Selge—Has the child neither father nor mother?

A private of the Fusiliers said that her father and mother were both dead. Her father had been dead ten years, her mother two years, the latter being deranged. Witness's aunt then took charge of the child, and got her present situation for her food and clothing.

Mr. Selge—What is her age?

Witness—Between twelve and thirteen.

Mr. Selge—Let her be taken back to the workhouse for the present, and I should like to see the medical officer there when he has examined her.

A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.—Two men, named William Steel and George Gavin, were charged with attempting to steal a watch, value £5, from George Paddy, a bootmaker, of Harwood-street, Camden Town.

Dawson, 301 A, while in company of Shrivie, 82 G, on Monday night about eleven o'clock, saw the prisoners in the Haymarket. They walked as far as Charing-cross, and stopped a gentleman and spoke to him. The gentleman walked on, and the prisoners then went back to where Dawson first observed them, and afterwards to Regent-street, where they stepped in front of the prosecutor and asked him the way to Soho-square. Dawson walked towards the prisoners, when he saw the prosecutor seize Steel and call out, "Give me my watch!—police!"

The prisoner Steel, having, while speaking to the prosecutor, drawn his watch out of his pocket. Dawson then took Steel into custody, and Gavin was taken by Shrivie; and while on the way to the station Steel, by a sudden jerk, released himself from the hold of a constable, to whom he had been given over, and struck him several violent blows in the mouth with his fist, evidently with the intention of making his escape.

Mr. Tyrwhitt said that he should send the prisoners for trial, and perhaps a bill might also be preferred against Steel for the assault.

Steel, in a most impudent tone, said that perhaps he should have to prefer a bill against the police.

Mr. Tyrwhitt asked the prisoners whether they wished to say anything.

Steel—It ain't no use.

Mr. Tyrwhitt committed the prisoners for trial.

Dawson said that Steel had undergone penal servitude, and was at large on a ticket of leave.

The prisoners are well-dressed men, and, from their determined demeanour in court, evidently very dangerous fellows.

THE POLICE AND THE STREET BOYS.—Charles Hocarts, a respectable-looking boy, fourteen years of age, was charged with throwing a stone in a public thoroughfare.

Police-constable Thomas said he was in Trevor-square, when he found some stones being thrown, and one struck him upon the foot. They were being thrown to the common danger of passengers, and he distinctly saw the defendant throw one stone deliberately towards him.

Defendant said he had not thrown any stones when the policeman came up and beat him about the back of the head until he was black and blue yesterday, but the marks had now disappeared.

Sergeant Telephant, acting inspector, proved that when the boy was brought to the station he said he had thrown the stone, but other boys had set him to do it.

Defendant admitted he had said it, but endeavoured to qualify it, and again complained of the constable beating him.

Mr. Selge questioned the constable, who admitted that he gave him three or four cuffs with his gloves.

The boy's father complained of his being ill-treated, and a witness said he saw the policeman run after the boy, when he gave him three or four raps across the head, but could not say what with.

Mr. Selge (to the constable): You must be quite aware that you had no right to strike the boy with your gloves. As a policeman, you know you should not have touched him, but to take him in charge. If you take the law in your own hand you should not look him up afterwards. I shall set the cuffs against the stones, and discharge the boy.

THE SELF-ACCUSED MURDERER.—George Augustus King, who accused himself of having been concerned with Miller in the murder of Mr. Briggs, was brought up again on Wednesday at the Worship-street Police Court. No further evidence was adduced in support of the prisoner's statement. The landlord of the Mitford Arms, in answer to it, stated that King was at his house on Friday evening at the evening of the murder to time the body was found, and that, therefore, he could not have been a party to the crime. The magistrate, however, thought it wise to detain the prisoner until Müller should arrive, and accordingly remanded him for three days.

HARD CASE OF THE FEMALE PEDESTRIAN.—Mr. Thomas Wright, cashier at the Albemarle, Leicester-square, appeared before Mr. Tyrwhitt to answer a summons for detaining a book, the property of Mr. Ellis, against Mrs. Margaret Douglas, the female who had undertaken to walk 1000 miles in 1000 hours at the Albemarle Palace.

Mr. Lickfold, from the office of Mr. Levy, stated that Mr. Ellis was under an agreement for Mrs. Margaret Douglas to walk 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours, and Mr. Ellis provided a book, in which the time each mile was performed in was entered and signed by timekeepers engaged for that purpose. Mrs. Douglas complied with the terms of the agreement up to about a week ago, and walked a mile within each hour. Mr. Wilde had only paid that gentleman while he was in the hands of the Sheriff, in Breem's-buildings, Chancery-lane; but Mr. Wilde refused to pay anything more, and, for the first time, stated that the agreement had not been complied with, although the entries of the performance were made by his own servants. Subsequently, however, £20 more was paid to Mr. Ellis, and another agreement was made to give Mr. Wilde time to liquidate the claim made upon him. On Friday last some workmen, under the direction of Mr. Wilde, jun., went to the Albemarle and broke down the platform, and prevented Mrs. Douglas from carrying out her agreement.

Mr. Tyrwhitt here interposed and told the professional gentleman he must confine his statement to the detention of the book for which the summons had been taken out.

Mr. Lickfold said the book was his client's property; it had been purchased by his client, who had never parted with his right in it.

Mr. Tyrwhitt—Is the book here?

Mr. E. D. Lewis—No, it is not.

Mr. Ellis was then sworn—He was under agreement with Mr. Wilde for Mrs. Douglas to walk 1000 miles in 1000 hours. Every hour walked by Mrs. Douglas was entered in a book. On Monday last he changed the book. He could not get any money from Mr. Wilde. When he was about to remove the book in which the entries of the performances were made he produced another book, and stated what he was going to do. The defendant said he should not remove the book in which the original entries had been made. He endeavoured to remove the book, and was obstructed and assaulted by the defendant. He had bought and paid for the book himself, and had never been reimbursed by the defendant. The book was valuable because it contained private entries.

Mr. E. D. Lewis asked the complainant to put a value on the book.

The complainant said he could not put any value on the book.

Mr. E. D. Lewis said, as the complainant would not fix any value on the book, the Court had no power to deal with the case.

The complainant said he valued the book at £200.

Mr. E. D. Lewis said, as the complainant put the value of £200 on the book, there was an end of the summons, as the amount was much beyond a magistrate's jurisdiction.

Mr. Tyrwhitt said he supposed the case must end in an action in one of the superior courts, and then the book could be produced on subpoena. He must dismiss the summons, as the value placed on the book was beyond his jurisdiction.

Mr. Tyrwhitt asked complainant if he meant to say that the lady really walked all the time.

The complainant said he did.

The summons was accordingly dismissed.

A MODERN WITCH OF ENDOR.

A CURIOUS case of fraud on one side and credulity on the other has come to light at Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland. One Mary Doherty, it appears, has for years been lived there in affluent circumstances by selling love-potions to romantic and foolish girls, while she occasionally netted respectable and amiable farmers' wives with whom things were not going altogether smoothly. But she surpassed herself when she succeeded in enrolling two steady members of the constabulary force on the list of her votaries, and enmeshing one of them at least in debt to a considerable amount. Sub-Constable Joseph Reeves is a married man, of some five-and-forty years of age, and the father of a family. Some time ago his eldest daughter became ill, and, hearing of the curative powers of Mrs. Doherty, his wife engaged her services, and the child improved somewhat. Henceforward Mrs. Doherty became a frequent guest at the tea-table of the constable, and after a time she predicted that ere long he would be in affluent circumstances, inasmuch as some of his relatives and connections who had been dead for years had come to life, and would soon be permitted to send themselves upon the earth. He was also led to believe that Sir James Power, who had died some ten years ago, took a deep interest in his well-being, and purposed giving him some landed property, and the result was that a correspondence was carried on between them, and the constable received no less than twenty-five letters and a gold ring from the occupant of the grave, the missives in question being regularly forwarded by Mrs. Doherty, and the replies occasionally came through her, and were sometimes found in an old coat on the hill-side. To attest her powers still further, she made an assignment with the constable to meet him in a certain field, and there she revealed to him the person of his father-in-law, William Mullins, standing at a few yards' distance, dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons, knee-breeches, coarse stockings, and shoes; he was not allowed to address the vision, which was believed by his son, a boy about nine years of age, at the same time. She also showed him others of his friends, &c., who had been dead; among others, his son William, who departed this life some five or six years ago. This the constable deposed to on oath at an investigation before the magistrates, and as regarded her power in this respect he was corroborated on oath by his wife. Mr. Hanna, who, with Messrs. Jepson and Wilson, presided, asked him if he had been drinking at the time, and the man replied that he had not tasted spirituous liquors for the past twenty-two years. There is another testimony. Sub-Constable Hayes is brought forward, and he deposes on oath that the woman has brought up before him several of his friends and connections who had been dead for years. He, too, is corroborated by his wife. For weeks after Mrs. Doherty is supplied with meal, potatoes, tea, &c., for the sustenance of the dead who have come to life, and on more than one occasion some tobacco was sent to old Mullins, who, it appears, was in his lifetime a great smoker. To meet these demands Constable Reeves got into debt, but the promise of gold and landed property induced him to resort to extensive credits to furnish supplies. New potatoes were at one time returned to him, with a request from the dead that they should be exchanged for gold, and on one occasion some eggs were sent back with word that they had not agreed with the dead son William. Mr. Heard, the sub-inspector, at length got intelligence of what was going on, and he determined to make inquiries in reference thereto; Reeves was removed to Clonmel in consequence of the debts he had contracted; and, learning the cause thereof, the inspector proceeded to Mrs. Doherty's house, where he found the letters (twenty-five) from Sir James Power, which had been returned by Reeves when the thing got noised abroad. He also got three bottles, containing tea, cream, and milk, made up in a clean white handkerchief, and which Mrs. Doherty acknowledged were to have been forwarded to some of her defunct clients on the same evening. The house was otherwise comfortably furnished, and the dame appeared to live well on the credulity of the people. She was, of course, arrested, and the criminal proceedings were instituted. It was a strange thing to witness in a public court a number of intelligent people, apparently in their senses, deposing to such things on oath. Whatever spirit she may have wrought, there is no doubt that the policeman named and their families still place implicit faith in her; for, when being removed to the dock, Reeves shook her by the hand, and, in reply to one of the magistrates, said, "Sir, if you had seen as much as I have, you would be of the same opinion." Mr. Heard has also had the woman's husband—a blind (?) man—arrested. He travels through the country led along by a "dark" guide, and, on being questioned, he acknowledged that his word's receipts for some time past were 2s. 9d., while

occasionally they realised 6s. or 7s. a day. Some time ago the female prisoner gave a woman a severe beating, and yet nobody could be got to prosecute her, fearing that she might bewitch themselves or their children. Mrs. Doherty is apparently about forty years of age, with a good-looking face, and a mouth particularly expressive of cunning and intelligence.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

AN increased amount of business having been transacted in Home Stocks, prices have been generally quiet, and covered the recent rapid decline, and the market generally has been in a more satisfactory state. There is, however, more than an average supply of stock in the hands of the jobbers. Consols, for Transfer, have marked 84½; Ditto, for Account, 84½; Reduced and New Three per Cent, 84½; Exchequer Bills, March, 10s. to 10s. 10d.; Ditto, June, 25s. to 15s. discount. Bank Stock has been 412 to 414.

Indian Securities have continued somewhat inactive; nevertheless, the quotations may be considered firm. India Stock, 210 to 212; Ditto, New, 133; Rupee Paper, 10 to 102, and 100 to 111. The Bonds have been 20s. to 20s. 10d.

There has been a fair demand for money, at full quotations. In the open market the best paper is done as follows:—

Thirty Days' Bills 8½ per cent.
Sixty Days' 8¾ " "
Three Months' 9 " "
Four Months' 9¼ " "
Six Months' 9½ 10 "

Throughout the Continent money is advancing in price. About £500,000 in bullion has arrived from various quarters, and several parcels of gold have been sent into the Bank.

Greek, Mexican, and Spanish Securities have fluctuated in value to some extent; but the market for Foreign Securities has, on the whole, presented a steady appearance, and very little change has taken place in prices compared with last week. The Confederate Loan has marked 92 to 84; Mexican 7½ to 5½; Ditto, French, 8 to 5½; and Russian Scrip, 31 to 31 per cent. Brazilian Four-and-a-Half per Centa have been done at 84½; Italian Four-and-a-Half per Centa, 84½; Egyptian Seven per Centa, 98½ div.; Greek, 74½; Mexican Three per Centa, 27½; Ditto, 184, 24½; Portuguese Three per Centa, 46½; Russian Four-and-a-Half per Centa, 83; Ditto Five per Centa, 82½; Ditto, Anglo-Brazilian, 82½; Spanish Three per Centa, 49½; Ditto, Deferred, 43½; Ditto, Passio, 31; Ditto, Certificates, 14½; Turkish Six per Centa, 186½, 70½; and Venezuela Six per Centa, 50½.

Joint-stock Bank Shares have slightly improved in value. Alliance have reached 100; Bank of Scotland, 17½; Consolidated, 101; Commercial Union, 101; Hindustan, China, and Japan, 101; International, 101; London and Brazilian, 77½; London and County, 72½; London Joint-Stock, 45; Mercantile and Exchange, 134; Metropolitan and Provincial, 72½; Oriental, 39; and Union of London, 50.

In the market for Colonial Government Securities, a moderate business has been transacted. Canada Six per Centa have been done at 90½; Ditto Five per Centa, 83½; Queensland Six per Centa, 100½; and Victoria Six per Centa, 108½.

The Market has ruled inactive. Consolidated Commercial Union, 101; Commercial Union, 101; General Credits, 68½; London and County, 72½; International Financial, 84½; Joint-Stock Discount, 68½; London Financial, 27½; Ditto, New, 17½; Millwall Iron Works, 44½; Ottoman Financial, 9½; and Warrant Finance, 9½.

There has been only a limited business done in the Railway Share Market, and, in some instances, the quotations have rather declined.

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—About average supplies of home-grown wheat, in excellent condition, have been on sale here this week. All kinds have moved off heavily, at a decline in the quotations of from 1s. to 2s. per quarter. In foreign wheat—the imports of which have not been so numerous as last week—the market has been at about stationary prices. The inquiry for barley has been somewhat restricted, at barely late rates. Malt has moved off slowly, but no actual change has taken place in the quotations. The demand for oats has fallen off, and, in some instances, prices have had a downward tendency, but have not been so readily, at extreme quotations. The flour trade has been very quiet.

ENGLISH.—Wheat, 38s. to 47s.; barley, 4s. to 36s.; malt, 50s. to 60s.; oats, 18s. to 28s.; rye, 30s. to 35s.; beans, 30s. to 40s.; peas, 34s. to 42s. per quarter; flour, 27s. to 40s. per 280 lb.

BATTLE.—Wheat stock has been changed over freely, at full prices to a slight advance; otherwise the trade has ruled heavily, from 3s. 4d. to 5s. 2d.; mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.; veal, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.; and pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d. per 8 lb. to sink the offal.

NEVIGATE AND LEADENHALL.—Each kind of meat has moved off slowly, as follows:—Beef, from 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.; mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.; veal, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.; and pork, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d. per 8 lb. by the carcass.

TEA.—The public sales have gone off slowly, on lower terms. Privately, only a moderate business is doing.

SUGAR.—All qualities have met a dull inquiry, at further reduced rates. Refined sugar, at 4s. 6d. per cwt. for common brown lumps. The stock of sugar is now 10,839 tons, against 11,992 tons last year.

COFFEE.—No change has taken place in the quotations. On the whole, the market may be considered steady. Stock, 12,203 tons, against 11,992 tons last year.

RICE.—The transactions continue on a very moderate scale, at about last week's currency. The stock is 29,250 tons, against 42,330 tons last year.

PROVISIONS.—Irish butter is dull, and rather cheaper. In foreign butter, the market is quiet, and prices are lower for the last. Bacon moves off slowly, at 2s. per cwt. for best. All other provisions are inactive, at nearly late rates.

TALLOW.—The tallow has fallen off, and prices are a shade lower. F.Y.C., on the spot, is selling at 42s. per cwt. Stock, 41,881 cwt., against 41,050 cwt. last year. Rough fat, 2s. 4d. per 5 lb.

OLDS.—Lard is somewhat heavy, at 4s. 6d. per cwt. on the spot. Rape is selling at from 11s. to 12s. 10s.; coconut, 23s. to 23s. 10s.; and fine palm 26s. to 26s. 10s. French tallow, 6s. 6d. per cwt. It is noted that, as at present, the price of lard is 11s. 6d. per cwt. for run 1st quality, at last week's prices. Brandy is held at 10s. 6d. per gallon. English extra spirit has advanced to 11s. 6d. per gallon.

HAY AND STRAW.—Meadow hay, £4 to £5 15s.; clover, £4 to £5 15s.; and straw, £1 8s. to £1 12s. per 1000.

COALS.—Best house coal, 20s. 6d. to 21s.; second, 19s. to 20s.; third, 18s. to 19s.; and inferior, 17s. to 18s. per ton.

HOPE.—The supply of new hope is on the increase, and the demand is steady, at from 4s. 10s. to 5s. 8s. per cwt.

WOOL.—Very little business is doing in any kind, and the quotations are almost nominal.

TOBACCO.—The supplies are moderate, and the trade is inactive, at from 6s. to 12s. per 100 lb.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

BANKRUPTCY: ANNULLED.—J. LANGFORD, Trafalgar-road, Greenwich, grocer.—W. D. Derry, 10, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C. 4. W. I. COLENS, Queen-street, New-road.—W. DRABWELL, Rowland-road, Stepney, commission agent.—E. J. H. CLUNN, Addison-road North, Notting-ham, clerk.—T. O'FERRILL, Platt-terrace, St. Pancras, billiard-table keeper.—W. BADLEY, Church-street, Shoreham, agent for colour wash.—R. L. THOMSON, London, E.C. 4, 10, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—W. ADAMS, 10, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—J. BOOSEY, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—H. MIDDLE, 10, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—E. WHITE, Chapel-street, Fentonville, builder.—W. KATLEY, Middleton-terrace, Battersea, secretary.—W. JORDAN, Woodstock, 19, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—T. B. LAWRENCE, Kingston-on-Thames, grocer.—J. HARNETT, Tottenham-street, Tottenham-court-road, engineer.—J. WALL, Sunderland, labourer.—W. F. KILL, Gateshead, draper.—J. HORTON, Edgworth, Birmingham.—E. MITCHELL, Birmingham, painter and decorator.—J. ROSE, Gresham-street, Rotherhithe, journeyman boat-builder.—W. WITWORTH, North Muckham, Notting-hamshire, wheelwright.—J. HAMLEY, St. Sepulchre, Exeter, manufacturer of ladies' underwear.—L. WHITELEY, J. GARNED, M. and W. FARRAR, and W. H. LEVER, Rotherhithe, Exeter, cotton spinners.—J. C. FAYON, Leeds, cloth merchant.—C. LONGHEAD, Middleton-terrace, Battersea, agent for colour wash.—J. H. BAKER, 10, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—J. AYLDARD, Clapham, Birkenhead, cabinet-maker.—M. E. DAVIES, Monkton, Pembrokeshire, grocer.—J. FIDLER, St. Helen's, Lancashire, ironmonger.—J. COLLINGWOOD, Manchester, firebrick manufacturer.—W. BAKER, Northampton, butcher.—O. S. BAKER, 10, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—G. CHADWICK, Hulme, Manchester.—W. J. BLACKSHAW, Tunstall, Staffordshire, painter.—H. F. HUGHES, Wexham-super-Mare, Somersetshire.—W. DAVEY, Tiverton, Devonshire, butcher.—J. SHOOTER, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire, huckster.—J. T. BULLOCK, 10, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—H. HAYES, East Aylesbury, Devonshire, farmer.—C. ROBINSON, Odham, Lancashire, dealer in roller leather.—J. SANKEY, Warrington, Lancashire.—J. ROBERTS, Llanfachreth, Merionethshire, lead surveyor.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

BANKRUPTCY: ANNULLED.—J. WOODWARD, Westinghouse-road, Kentish Town, plumber.—R. FLEMING, 10, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C. 4. B. LIME, Harwood-street, Dorset-square, schoolmaster.—W. H. ROBINSON, Thameside, rest, mining secretary.—J. GUSWELL, Wimbledon, carpenter.—E. ROBERTS, Providence-place, City-road, glazier.—A. CORBIN, 10, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—J. T. ARMSTRONG, Red Lion, London, E.C. 4, 10, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—S. H. WINTER, Woodstock, 19, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—R. HENRY, 10, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—E. STANWAY, Freet-hill, Kent.—J. J. HAMMOND, Dani I-forest, Portsea, builder.—W. TURNER, Greenwich, Kent, journeyman, chessmonger's assistant.—O. S. BAKER, 10, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—H. PROWSE, Birmingham, furniture maker.—J. WALKER, Worcester, up-holster and furniture broker.—J. MORGAN, Madeley, Shropshire, travelling draper.—J. KIMBERLEY, Stafford, confectioner and tobacconist.—J. SYKES, Leamington, agent for colour wash.—W. WILLIAMS, Liverpool, merchant.—W. DUFF, Sheffield, huckster and shoe maker.—J. WALKINSON, Sheffield, agent for colour wash.—J. PENNICK, Manchester, civil engineer.—T. RHODES, Manchester, warehouseman.—B. D. HEATHCOTE, Derby, journeyman cabinet-maker.—J. OWENS, Llanymyneid, Denbighshire, publican.—D. SMITH, Carlisle, Cumberland, tea dealer.—S. J. FOWELL, Newcastle, Staffordshire, cooper.—G. H. WILSON, 10, Abchurch-lane, agent for colour wash.—Montgomeryshire, printer.—H. D. TAYLOR, Manchester and Salford.

SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.—J. WILSON, Glasgow, brewer.—W. BROWN, Starnhall, Aberdeenshire, farmer.

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